

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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OUR FATHER, FRIEND, AND KING

LOST AND FOUND IN ANTARCTICA

The Rich Man's Son
Who Chose Adventure
2000-MILE FLIGHT ACROSS
THE WHITE CONTINENT

Ellsworth and Kenyon are both alive and well.

These words, flashed to every continent by our Colonial Office as they came from the research ship *Discovery II*, were the first and the last in the story of the flight of Lincoln Ellsworth and his pilot Herbert Hollick-Kenyon across the Antarctic Continent.

They were the first because they lifted the load of anxiety that for seven weeks of silence had lain heavily on a million hearts. They were the last because, whatever more may come to light about the perils and adventures of that thrilling journey, they spoke aloud the most important fact: The voyagers were safe.

The Long Silence

Few could have hoped that the young American and young Canadian would have been found so quickly after the *Discovery II* had set out to look for them. Our ship is called a research ship. Whatever her researches may bring, none will equal in fame the human freight she found; and she should be called a rescue ship. None of our American kinsmen will grudge her the fame.

When Lincoln Ellsworth with his pilot set out from Dundee Island, after two false starts, to fly 2100 miles across the Antarctic Continent to the Bay of Whales his friends were confident of his success. The confidence hardly lasted a day. After the airmen had crossed the threatening Eternity Range and were 600 miles on their journey they signalled "All's Well." Then, at 11 o'clock on the morning of Saturday, November 23, eight hours after starting, the wireless fell silent for seven weeks.

Admiral Byrd's Confidence

Admiral Byrd did not give up hope. From the first he maintained the belief that Lincoln Ellsworth would survive any mishaps that might befall.

The silence he explained by the simple fact that the ground radio would not carry, for he had experienced the same difficulty himself with his radio when flying near the Bay of Whales.

He believed that Lincoln Ellsworth and his companion would be found at or near Little America in the Bay of Whales, easily supporting themselves on penguins and seals. That seems to be just what happened.

Their full story has yet to be told. It will be as splendid a tale as any the airmen of the Poles have had to recount. Of Lincoln Ellsworth we know much, and all that we know is in keeping with the last half-written chapter of his

Continued in the last column



A knight there was, and that a worthy man,
Who from the hour on which he first began
To ride out vowed himself to chivalry,
Honour and truth, freedom and courtesy.

He never yet a word discourteous said
In all his life to any mortal wight:
He was a very perfect gentle knight.
Chaucer

KING GEORGE'S REIGN IS OVER

LIKE a blow from the depths of the Universe the poignant news has fallen upon us that the reign of King George is over.

It came to us by the mysterious voice which runs through space and carries its message to the ends of the Earth. Never before has the BBC sent out so sad a piece of news to the British people as that transmitted at 9.38 p.m. on January 20:

The life of the King is moving peacefully towards its close.

The King's illness came suddenly with the news that he had a cold; then came the news that his heart was troubled; then it seemed that all the world was at prayer for him. There was a minute of silence in Westminster Abbey, prayer in Canterbury Cathedral, at the gates of Buckingham Palace, at the Wall of Wailing in Jerusalem; and far away in Virginia the Speaker of the Parliament there sent a message that the daughter had not wandered so far from the mother that they could not join their prayers with those of the English people.

Then the news came that the King was resting well, and the terrible strain was relieved; but after a day of hopefulness the King lost strength, a

Council of State was appointed outside his door while he looked on, he signed the proclamation handing over his duties to the Queen and his sons, and soon after the message came that the King's life was closing.

There were tears in every home as for two hours and a half we waited for the striking of Big Ben, to hear, at each quarter, this message so weighted with fate and sorrow for our Motherland, our Empire, and mankind. At midnight came the end; the Silver Jubilee of the best king this century has known, the best king who ever ruled the British people, had passed to where, beyond these voices, there is peace.

It was as if a personal blow had fallen in every home, for one near and dear to all of us had gone from the life he had shared with his people so nobly and so long.

He passed away at Sandringham, the country house where he had spent his happiest days. The sun was falling on the windows of his room that afternoon, a winter sunset for a life in which nothing is now for tears.

*Nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.*

The King's Last Words To the Children

All their lives the children of this generation will remember the last words the King spoke to them.

These are the words he addressed to them in his famous broadcast on the night of Jubilee Day last year:

To the children I would like to send a special message. Let me say this to each of them whom my words may reach: *The King is speaking to you. I ask you to remember that in days to come you will be the citizens of a great Empire. As you grow up always keep this thought before you; and when the time comes be ready and proud to give to your country the service of your work, your mind, and your heart.*

These are the words King George sent to the children of London schools last year:

You are the heirs of a great past; but the future is yours, and is your high responsibility. Each of you must try to be a good citizen in a good city. To this end you must make the best of all your powers. Strive to grow in strength, in knowledge, and in grace. If you persist bravely in this endeavour you will work worthily for your family, your city, your country, and for mankind.

So to live, in whatever sphere, must be noble and may be great. My confident trust is in you.

Continued from column one

story. He is a millionaire's son and had all a rich youth's opportunities of a leisured life, but he chose Adventure.

When Roald Amundsen's first plans for flying across the North Pole had crashed the CN suggested that here was the opportunity for an American millionaire to step in and help a great man to perform a great work. Lincoln Ellsworth, son of James Ellsworth, the needed millionaire, stepped in. He asked to go with Amundsen.

The veteran explorer and the young beginner started in two planes to cross the Pole from Spitsbergen in May 1925. They failed, and the story of their failure, and the way they got back after one machine had crashed, is one of the epic stories of the Arctic. Undismayed, Ellsworth went again with Amundsen the next year in the airship *Norge*, and this time the Pole was crossed.

We have told this story before, and Lincoln Ellsworth himself showed to Amundsen the CN with its appeal for a millionaire to help. Amundsen's letter of thanks to us is still in our desk. When we recall all that happened afterwards to Amundsen this letter is one to remind us of Wordsworth's lines:

*Alas! the gratitude of men
Hath oftener left me mourning.*

Lincoln Ellsworth chose adventure rather than a comfortable life. In him lives again the spirit of Sir Francis Drake.

KIPLING WILL WRITE NO MORE

Tale-Teller of the
British Army

AND POET OF THE
BRITISH EMPIRE

The British Empire has lost its best-known poet and the English-speaking race has lost one of its most famous writers in the death of Mr Rudyard Kipling, whose soldier tales won him fame with one half of our people before his great hymn *Recessional* won him fame with the other half. His ashes are to lie for ever in Westminster Abbey.

The most popular English poet since Tennyson, a tale-teller with the gift of creating an atmosphere, and a delight-



fully imaginative writer for children, he was born in Bombay, December 30, 1865.

His name Rudyard, it is said, was given him because it was by Rudyard Lake, in Staffordshire, that his father and mother became engaged.

The father, Lockwood Kipling, was in the Indian Civil Service; the mother was one of the daughters of a Wesleyan minister, Rev. G. B. Macdonald, all famed for their beauty. Besides Mrs Kipling, three of the other sisters married into national biography. Their husbands were Sir Edward Burne-Jones and Sir Edward Poynter, the famous artists, and Mr Baldwin, a South Wales ironmaster, whose son is now our Prime Minister.

Great Expectations

The boy Rudyard was educated at the United Services College at Westward Ho!, which he made the scene of his schoolboy story, *Stalky and Co.*

When he was 17 Kipling went out to Lahore, where his father was in charge of the museum. There he joined the staff of the Civil and Military Gazette, and by the time he was 21 had published in it, and collected into a volume, verses, chiefly satirical, which he called *Departmental Ditties*, and short stories called *Plain Tales From the Hills*. In the next two years he wrote half-a-dozen more short stories, travelled widely, and arrived back in England to find himself talked of as a writer from whom his admirers had great expectations.

Further stories and his *Barrack Room Ballads* heightened those expectations. Though his first long story was somewhat disappointing, he afterwards, in *Kim*, wrote a tale with Indian surroundings that has a lasting charm. His *Jungle Books*, *Just So Stories*, and *Puck of Pook's Hill*, stand alone as books for children of varied ages.

Recessional

He is the poet who has been most deeply thrilled by the influence of the British race over all the world. To many people it will seem that his one great poem is *Recessional*, the classic warning against jingoism and imperialism; to others it will seem that he never surpassed his poetry of the Sussex he loved. Certainly no poet has excelled him in finding true poetry in men and things which many would scorn as common—Tommy Atkins, the rough deck-hand drunk ashore and a hero at sea, engines on land and sea, the personality of ships, "the little cargo boats that fill with every tide," the deep-sea cables: he sees the soul of things in action everywhere and finds in them romance.

The lilt of his lines always fits the message they carry. In his verse as in his prose are felt the unmistakable visitations of a genius strongly individual and entirely original.

Our Father and Our Friend

Nor only for the English-speaking race but for peaceful folk throughout the world it has been a week of great emotion.

Once more the world has seen the great outpouring of affection inspired by the personality of the King who for 25 years has been all-in-all to our empire and our race.

Was ever a king like him, so popular among his foreign ambassadors, so beloved by his own folk?

His family is spread throughout the world. His flag flies wherever the sun shines. His people speak hundreds of languages and may say what they will in any one of them. They cherish many faiths and may profess them freely. They may argue to their heart's delight in pulpits and on platforms, in books or in papers, on kerbstones or on tubs. They are as free as air, with equal rights for rich and poor and equal chances for intelligence.

It is something to be king of such a country, and King George's reign will be remembered for ever for two things, two miracles. One miracle is that his throne has stood foursquare while thrones have toppled everywhere. It has become the model throne of kings, the envy of rulers of less happier lands, whether they are sovereigns or dictators. It stands unshaken while ships of state reel everywhere.

Such is the throne cemented and strengthened for 25 years by the bond of love between King George and his family of 400 millions of people. Is it not a miracle that this vast mass of people has become his family indeed? We of these islands, who have known him well, have loved him more than words can say, for we have seen him in our streets, moving freely among us, and he has been like one of us, father of us all and our first English gentleman.

But far beyond the bounds of these islands this love has gone, out into the realms that cover a quarter of the Earth and a fifth of its people, and it will be said in history, when these days of pride and sorrow are remembered in many a glowing page, that the world has never known a man more widely loved, more famous for his modesty, more noble in his simplicity, more wonderful for the way he has fitted himself into the heart of the greatest free empire the world has ever seen.

We live in the age of miracles. We sit in a quiet room in the country, waiting and wondering, and out of the deep silence comes a voice, touched with emotion, and says, *The King*. There has been nothing like it in the world before, and yet in the midst of this miraculous age one simple thing stands out above it all—the miracle of the love that does not fail and does not fade between a famous people and their famous King.

We remember his broadcasts to us every Christmas Day; who could write a better epitaph for him than those few moving sentences in the first of them all?

To arrive at a reasoned tranquillity within our borders; to regain prosperity without self-seeking; and to carry with us those whom the burden of past years has disheartened or overborne—my life's aim has been to serve as I might towards those ends.

And in the last broadcast of all came these words which still seem to be ringing in our ears and in our hearts—that he could never forget the great offering of love for himself and his Queen at the Jubilee, and that it was good to think that our family of peoples is at peace with all nations, the friend of all, the enemy of none.

So was it all his life; so be it evermore. King George's reign is over, but he lives in the hearts of his people and in a noble page of our great Island story.

There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore;
And bright in heaven's jewelled crown
They shine for evermore.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there are no dead.

THE SHADOW OF TROUBLES AT GENEVA

Many Questions Before
the Council

The League has been meeting this week under the shadow of troubles threatening the tranquillity of many of its members at home.

Would this be the last meeting of the Council, for instance, which M. Laval would attend? The long-checked revolt of the French Radical-Socialists had come to a head, its representatives in his Cabinet having resolved to resign and thus overthrow his Government. M. Herriot is among those who have left M. Laval.

Other difficulties are the position in Danzig, where the Nazi Senate were furious with the action of the League Commissioner, and the decision of the Hague Court against their decrees; the Russian protest against the action of Uruguay in expelling their minister; and the wide problem of the refugees. Then there is the immediate question of the war in Abyssinia. Since the last meeting France has mobilised her fleet

Edward the Eighth

Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God Save our King.

to support our own fleet against any attack. The policy of our own Government appears to be to go slowly in extending sanctions by putting oil on the list, but the general anger of the world at the Italian bombing of the Red Cross has caused a wide desire to strengthen rather than weaken sanctions. Though Italy's forces in Somaliland have driven back the Abyssinians, they are still halted in the north, and the next winter unless Mussolini realises that the only hope for his country is to call on the League to pull his chestnuts out of the fire. It must not be forgotten that the League has all along held its doors wide open for him.

IF WE DON'T END WAR War Will End Us

Speaking to the first and only constituents he has known in his Parliamentary career, Mr Eden has made his first speech as Foreign Minister. We take this from it:

There is a robust faith in the British people which has enabled us to weather many storms. It is an abiding faith which, when things are at their blackest, refuses to admit that there is no light ahead.

The British people are single-minded in their desire to live in peace with the world. They believe that to found their foreign policy on the League is the best way of doing so.

If war should break out again in Europe it must bring the collapse of civilisation as we know it; in the words of Lord Bryce, "If you don't end war, war will end you."

THINGS SAID

Germany's youth belongs to the State alone. Head of the Hitler Youth

The British Post Office is the envy and admiration of the world.

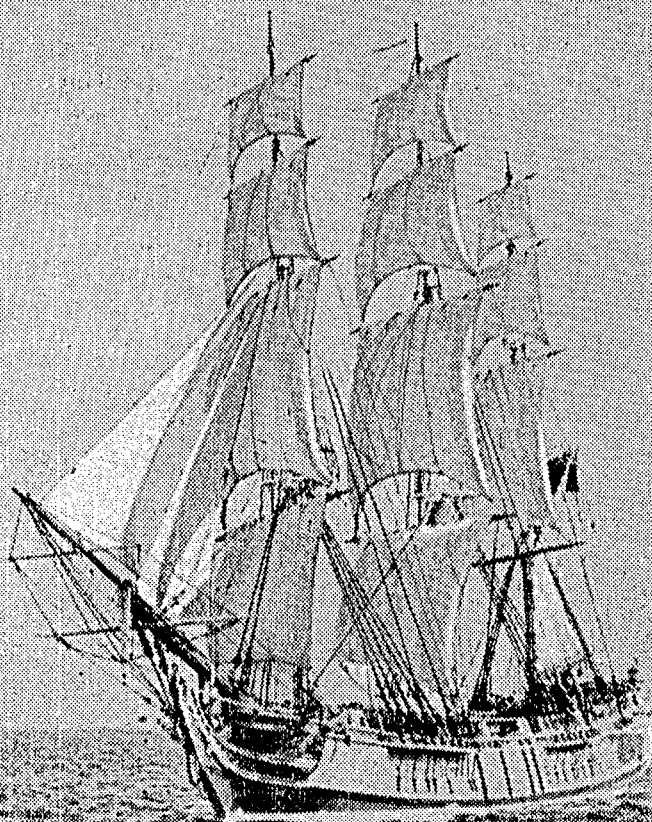
The Belgian Ambassador

I prefer to rely on guns. Dr Goebbels

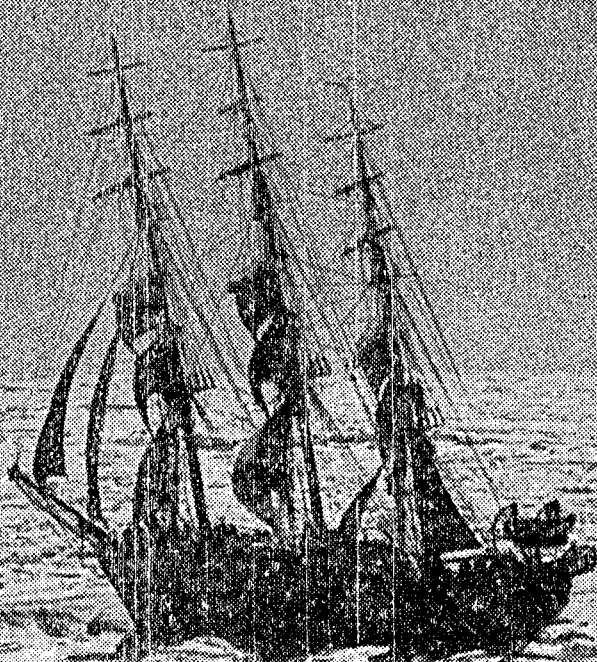
Every motorist convicted of driving dangerously in London ought to have his licence suspended.

Mr Dummett, Bow Street Magistrate

A DAY IN 1789 AND A NIGHT IN 1936



The famous mutiny ship *Bounty* now on the films as she sailed the seas 150 years ago



The sailing ship *Joseph Conrad* which has just made a voyage to Australia

Every hour the world changes, yet these two scenes at sea, with so little change between them, are divided by about 150 years. The night scene shows the *Joseph Conrad* battling with the sea on her way to Australia, where she has lately arrived; the day scene shows the famous *Bounty* as she is now being seen on the films in the story of the mutiny.

IRAQ AND IRAN

Shaking Hands Over a River

DISPUTE SETTLED OUT OF COURT

Two countries of Asia have just set an excellent example to the rest of the world by settling a frontier dispute which had seemed so difficult that it had been referred to the League.

Iraq has now sent a request to Geneva that her dispute with her neighbour Iran (Persia) should be withdrawn from the agenda of the Council.

The dispute was concerned with the frontier formed by the waters of the Euphrates and the Tigris as they sweep through a delta into the Persian Gulf. This great waterway is called Shatt-el-Arab, and is used by both countries.

The friendship between these two countries is of importance today because it is part of an even wider accord. With Turkey on the west and Afghanistan on the east they are entering into a pact similar to the Balkan Pact. Turkey, so long surrounded by foes (largely of her own making, it is true), has now become the centre of a group of countries which have signed pacts with her, not the least of these being Russia. Mustapha Kemal has proved a unifying force in a world which has moved far too much in the other direction.

GIVING AWAY HIS WEIGHT IN GOLD

Aga Khan's Jubilee

This year Aga Sultan Sir Mahomed Shah, best known among us as the Aga Khan, and head of the Ismaili Mohammedans, has invited his followers to rejoice with him on the completion of fifty years of his sultanate.

At his jubilee the Aga Khan sat in a scale to measure his weight in gold.

This was the princely way of Hindu chiefs. The old rajahs were weighed against gold coins, which were afterwards distributed among the priests and holy men, with a share left for the poor.

But India's gold coinage, like that of Britain, has long since disappeared into hidden places, or has been melted down. Some of it, we may suppose, lies frozen in the vaults of the National Banks of America, France, or Great Britain.

So it is that in the scale which the Aga Khan tipped gold bricks and not coins were piled. The treasure needed to balance him weighed 16 stone, in value about £25,000.

As he is one of the five richest men in the world he can afford this handsome gesture, and we may rest assured that the £25,000 thanksgiving gift will be put to good purpose.

SALUTE TO PIONEERS

A happy word in season was sent by the Prince of Wales to the Schools Exploring Society. He hoped it would keep the pioneering spirit alive among the younger generation.

The occasion of the message was a dinner where the boys who were taken last year to untrodden ways in Newfoundland met again. While there they fended for themselves in trackless woods, they met forest fires, and had escapes from floods. The expedition was a kind of holiday school for explorers.

It is a sign of the times, which have given us a splendid generation of Boy Scouts and Girl Guides, and which show us the young people ever in search of fresh woods and pastures new. It is as certain as can be that in years to come they will seek the wild places of the world.

THE DREAM OF LINCOLN ELLSWORTH

A Hero's Way Into History

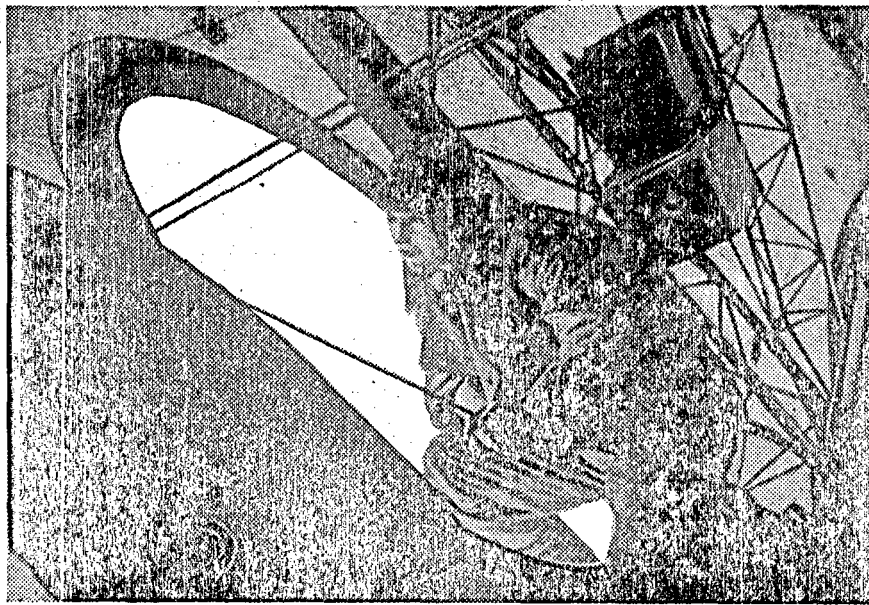
A friend of the C.N., who is also a good friend of Lincoln Ellsworth, has sent us some of his impressions of this heroic American who has written his name so famously into history.

As a boy Lincoln Ellsworth was fascinated by stories of the Arctic, thrilled by accounts of men willing to endure hardships that they might push back the barriers to knowledge.

The paintings in the American Museum of Natural History, of which he is now a trustee, greatly stirred his imagination. There he saw the sledges that had reached the North and South Poles, and he was filled with dreams of exploration. He is fond of saying that his boyhood heroes still "ride their phantom horses across his memory."

mental experience writing his busy life. I led him to talk of it—of the great things he had done, how he had taken a leading part in persuading Marshall Field to establish the Field Museum, how he had built up his collection of paintings; but again and again he would come back to this thought of the Arctic, insisting that I should dissuade his son.

But I reminded him that he himself had done all these things when he himself was Lincoln's own age, and that the very spirit that had moved him was the spirit which impelled his son to want to go. In a week I found that Lincoln was almost ready for Norway, but had not been able to draw money from the bank because his father had instructed



Lincoln Ellsworth looking out from the Norge during his earlier flight across the North Pole

Ellsworth came to London and studied here for a winter at the school of the Royal Geographical Society. He returned to America and came back to offer himself as a pilot in France during the war, but was rejected as too old. There he met Amundsen, and tried to join him in a flight across the Arctic, but was too late, and it was not till 1924 that he met Amundsen again.

Amundsen was then bankrupt and had gone to America to try to raise funds; he was nearer to blank despair, he said, than he had ever been before. It was then that the C.N. in writing of him hoped that some American millionaire would come to his aid, and I was able to bring this article to the notice of Amundsen and Lincoln Ellsworth as they met together in New York, for Mr James Ellsworth had already decided to come to the rescue. It was then that Lincoln saw his opportunity and insisted on going with Amundsen.

Then I was summoned to New York by his father, who had agreed to buy two aeroplanes for a flight to the North Pole to be made by the Amundsen-Ellsworth Expedition. When I reached New York I found that Mr Ellsworth, who was then nearly 75 and not well, had received a letter urging him not to let his son go with Amundsen; and after pondering the dangers of the trip he was anxious to keep his son at home. He begged me to find some way to discourage him.

I told Lincoln what my duty was as a lawyer, and he said, "That is good. I hope you will look up everything. It will help to satisfy father, but it won't make any difference with me, because I am going with Amundsen." I talked it over with his sister, who thought that if he did not go he would be crushed in spirit for the rest of his days. "But suppose Lincoln doesn't come back?" I asked, and she said very quietly, "I think he should go, anyway." Then I went to report to Mr James Ellsworth, who was passing through an unusual

them not to honour any drafts. I was given the task of getting Mr Ellsworth to rescind this order, but he, in a terrible state of anxiety, said "I don't want any responsibility for this expedition. I cannot help feeling I may be sending my son to his death."

I told Mr Ellsworth that his son was going and asked him if he wished him to go without parachutes, whereupon he replied, "Let him have the money—let him have it right away." I took a taxi to where Lincoln was waiting, called at the bank and released the draft, and was then rung up by Mr Ellsworth, who had changed his mind. "It is too late," I said, and Mr Ellsworth said, "I am glad of it." The boat sailed and Lincoln went with it. Mr Ellsworth went to his beautiful villa near Florence, and soon after the expedition was lost for 25 days on an ice-floe.

Mr Ellsworth fell ill with pneumonia during that period, and died without knowing that his son was safe.

A SLIP ON RICHMOND HILL

There is disturbing news from Richmond Hill, below whose terrace is spread the noblest view of the silver Thames that ever has rejoiced the heart of painter or poet.

The terrace gardens descending from the crest of the hill to the road to Petersham are slipping on their bed of clay, as the result of the heavy rains. The mischief can be put right, but the slope will always need watching.

It is well worth every care, for it is a natural monument.

WITHOUT THE BIBLE

We as a people cannot afford to close the Bible. Familiarity with it, love of it, pride in it—these bring us to a source of power and inspiration we can get nowhere else except upon our knees. Without the Bible we must grow little in stature, poor in spirit.

H. L. Gee in the Whitby Gazette

A 35-DAYS FIGHT WITH THE WAVES

When the Atlantic Was Beaten

TOWING A HELPLESS SHIP

A week ago the Norwegian steamer Stranna limped back to Swansea harbour in the wake of a tug, after a month's bitter fight with the Atlantic.

She had put out for Canada with a cargo of coal, and five days from port ran into one of the worst of the January storms. Her rudder broke. She tossed helplessly in the seas deluging her from stem to stern. Her wireless flashed out the seaman's cry for help.

The SOS was answered by the British ship Loch Maddy, which after several failures made fast a hawser to the collier.

But the storm grew worse. The hawser parted. Four times the hawser went, and 250 miles north-west of the Azores towing became too difficult. All the Scottish ship could do was to stand by while her Norwegian charge drifted helplessly.

This went on for days, and then a powerful Dutch tug, the Humber, came to the rescue. Once again a hawser was carried to the Stranna, and this time it held. The weather abated its malice, the wind dropped, the tug took firm hold, and with the collier well in hand drew her steadily back to safety.

For 35 days the Stranna had been in dire peril. Well might her captain say, when once more he planted his feet on Welsh soil, "We were lucky."

DRINK AT THE WHEEL

Duty of the Courts

By the Bow Street Magistrate

Mr R. E. Dummert, the magistrate at Bow Street, London, had this to say in dealing with Drink and Motoring at his court the other day.

As a motorist I have proved, from my own experience, and nearly every motorist must have proved, that the very slightest drop of alcohol does affect his driving. Nobody can persuade me to the contrary, because I have proved it from my own experience.

Any man is a fool who thinks he can consume liquors, certainly to any extent, and still be a safe person to be in charge of a car.

This is a time when it is quite impossible for any court to regard driving while under the influence of drink as other than a grave offence. The tragedy is that so many people do not realise the gravity of the offence, and the courts must try to get people to understand that.

When people start to drive a car they are undertaking a serious thing which requires every concentration of mind and muscle and complete coordination of the faculties to bring them to safety.

THE OLD FOLKS

80 Twenty years ago a Wimbledon farrier was taken to the Middlesex Hospital, and an operation saved his life. Now he is 80, and a few days after he had welcomed in another New Year he called at the hospital. "I have come to pay a debt," he said, as he handed in a cheque for £50.

95 Most people would have retired twenty years before, but Miss Frances Whigham, who has passed on at Ranchi Chota, India, went on working till she was 95, and has now died in harness. For 45 years she distributed the Gospels, working without pay for the S.P.G.

108 A fine old Irish countryman has passed on at Carrowkeel, County Mayo. He was Thomas Keane, a farmer who must have watched the crops for nearly a century, for he lived to be 108. He never smoked and never wore an overcoat.

3000 ACRES OF OLD ENGLAND

Wasting Precious Land

There are 3000 acres of good land lying waste in Hampshire between Winchester and Andover. *Three thousand acres and nothing done with them!* We wonder if such waste would be tolerated anywhere else in the world.

That there may be no exaggeration we quote a report by the Standing Committee of the Council of Agriculture:

The land comprises about 3000 acres made up mainly of eight farms. The soil is said to be of a grateful nature when well farmed, on the deeper portions of the estate; sugar-beet might be successfully grown. Up to about 1920 the farms were occupied by substantial farmers. Today the area is for the most part derelict and growing weeds instead of crops; the hedges are uncut and spread into the fields.

In 1931 the Agricultural Land Act gave power to the Minister to acquire neglected land, and there is an alternative course—that the County Council should acquire the land under the Small Holdings Acts, or for the settlement of unemployed men from the Distressed Areas.

The Committee asks the Government and local authorities to combine to end "a disgraceful condition of affairs."

CLEOPATRA'S LOST TEMPLE

Cleopatra's temple at Atmara in Egypt was lost more than seventy years ago, when it was pulled down and its stones used to construct a sugar factory.

It had been built by the queen in honour of her son Caesarion, and had stood for 16 centuries till it was demolished in 1861. Not a recognisable stone remains; but Egyptian archaeologists are now searching for drawings which may have been made of it by travellers before it vanished.

It would be strange indeed if a thing associated with one of the shining names in history had left no pictorial representation behind.

BRITISH STEEL

Man's Best Metal Again Well Used

We have won through those dark years in which iron, man's chief and invaluable metal, was so little used that our furnaces were largely blown out.

In 1935 we made more steel than ever before. The previous best was that of 1917. Output of steel came to 9,842,400 tons and of pig-iron to 6,426,400 tons.

In 1917, when the demand for munitions was so enormous, the steel output was 9,716,000 tons, or 126,400 tons less than last year.

The British Iron and Steel Federation record shows that at the end of the year 102 furnaces were in blast. December production of steel was 811,500 tons, against 654,500 tons the year before. This year it is hoped to beat the ten-million mark.

SAVING THE WILD DUCK

Six well-known types of wild duck are in danger of extinction in the United States, and the ivory-billed woodpecker is becoming so scarce that there are only about 200 left.

Drastic action is to be taken to save them before it is too late. Spring shooting and shooting for market are to be forbidden by law, and the open season, when shooting of wild duck is allowed, is to be limited to ten days.

The cause of the tragedy is said to be the motor-car, oil waste from ships, the drainage of vast tracks of swamp, and droughts; but the worst menace is the crow, which destroys more than fifty per cent of the wild duck's eggs.

Hope need not yet be lost. There has been a steady increase of wild birds in ten Canadian sanctuaries. See *World Map*

Pronunciations in This Paper

Beira	Bay-e-rah
Durazzo	Doo-raht-so
Nabonidus	Nab-o-ny-dus
Scutari	Sko-o-tah-re

ABYSSINIAN NAMES

Titles and Ranks in the News

We all see in the news from East Africa words which puzzle us. Here is an explanation of some of them.

Ras. This means head, and is used to describe a prince or chief. Thus the Emperor of Abyssinia when he was regent was known as Ras Tafari.

Negus. This was the ancient title of the chief king; in full Negus Negusti, meaning King of Kings. Recently the Negus assumed the title of Emperor.

Abuna. (Our father.) Title of the Archbishop or Primate. He lives in the holy city of Aksum, where the ancient kings were always crowned.

Aba. A priest.

Fitaurari. A military commander.

Lig. The heir to a Ras.

Barambas. A cavalry leader.

Shlum. A senior officer; a colonel.

Copt. This word literally means an Egyptian, and the Coptic Church is the Egyptian Christian Church. Historically the Ethiopian Church is allied with that of Egypt, and its archbishop (Abuna) is always a Coptic monk.

A NEW GRASS

A welcome piece of news for the stock farmer is the production of a new strain of grass.

It has been evolved at the Welsh Plant Breeding Station, whose director, Professor Reginald Stapledon, announced its discovery at an Agricultural Conference in Oxford. This grass, he said, will stand cutting several times a year and give prodigious results.

We hear much of new wheats and oats, but little of the grasses, which as pasture or hay form the staple food of cattle. This branch of farming, however, is of increasing importance, and the University of Aberystwyth is to be congratulated on the success of its professor who has made our grasslands his special study.

THINGS WELL SAID

Minister of Education Talking

We like the way our Minister of Education talks about his business of teaching the young idea. In opening a school at Ellesmere Port Mr Oliver Stanley quoted two excellent sayings.

The first is by Professor Huxley, criticising the Education Act of 1870:

The child is brought too little into contact with actual facts and things.

We are getting rid, if slowly, of the bookish conception of education. Always we have need to go straight to the fountain-head of knowledge, the things and lives from which all books proceed.

The second saying was from a man who said long centuries ago:

Both mind and body, the two elements of which we are constructed, must be developed side by side.

Speaking of diet the Minister told how a certain headmaster obtained from a firm of caterers a few specimen menus and asked the children to select from them their ideal meal. One boy of ten selected the following:

*Three doughnuts
Ice-cream (unlimited)
Pork and onions*

The best thing that can be said about education today is that children no longer crawl like snails unwillingly to school. School life is becoming what it should always be—a joyous thing.

IN THE FOG

Somewhere in the North a motorist was crawling along in the fog.

Suddenly he saw an old lady walking in front of the car.

"My good lady," he said to her, "on a day like this you really should not wander about in the middle of the road."

"Hold your noise a bit, young fellow," she replied. "Do you know you're on the footpath?"

And so he was.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME-MAP

25 YEARS AFTER

Four Russians are to make a journey on skis from Moscow to Leningrad, a repetition of a feat they accomplished together as young men in 1911.

FLU IN GREENLAND

There is a bad epidemic of influenza among the Eskimos on the west coast of Greenland. The population is so scattered that it is difficult for medical aid to reach the sufferers.

SAVING THE BIRDS

Action is to be taken in the United States to save the wild duck and the ivory-billed woodpecker from extinction. A great destroyer of the wild duck's eggs is the crow. See news columns.

DOUBLE TRACK FOR SIBERIAN RAILWAY

The work of duplicating the single-track trans-Siberian railway between Lake Baikal and Khabarovsk has been completed in two years. See news columns.

YELLOW RIVER FLOODS

Six thousand men worked to repair a 200-yard breach in the bank of the Hwang-ho. The floods this winter have already driven some 300,000 people from their homes.

TOMB DISCOVERIES

The pyramid city in the vicinity of the Second, or Chephren, Pyramid at Gizeh has been entirely cleared of sand. Many interesting discoveries have been made, including a number of tombs.

OIL UNDER WATER

Boring for oil in the bed of the Caspian Sea proved successful and already a well has begun to yield oil.

A CAPITAL RENAMED

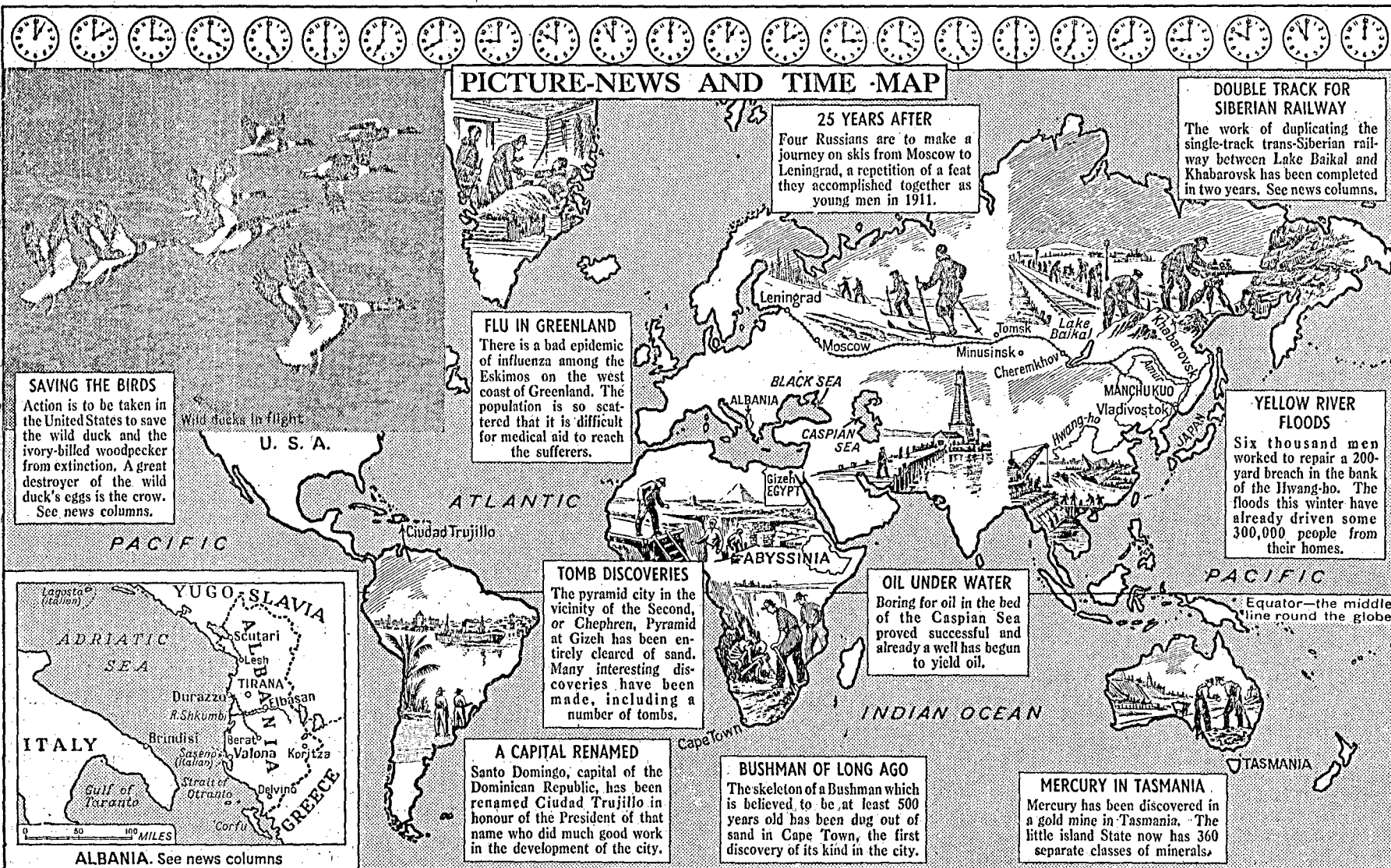
Santo Domingo, capital of the Dominican Republic, has been renamed Ciudad Trujillo in honour of the President of that name who did much good work in the development of the city.

BUSHMAN OF LONG AGO

The skeleton of a Bushman which is believed to be at least 500 years old has been dug out of sand in Cape Town, the first discovery of its kind in the city.

MERCURY IN TASMANIA

Mercury has been discovered in a gold mine in Tasmania. The little island State now has 360 separate classes of minerals.



CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JANUARY 25 1936



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Kipling Speaks

God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine:
*Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!*

The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart:
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
*Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!*

Far called, our navies melt away;
On dune and headland sinks the fire:
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
*Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!*

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in
awe,
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the law:
*Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!*

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And, guarding, calls not Thee to guard,
*For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!*

Land of Our Birth

LAND of our birth, we pledge to thee
Our love and toil in years to be;
When we are grown and take our place
As men and women with our race.

Father in heaven, Who lovest all,
Oh, help Thy children when they call,
That they may build from age to age
An undefiled heritage.

Teach us to bear the yoke in youth
With steadfastness and careful truth,
That in our time Thy grace may give
The truth whereby the nations live.

Teach us to look in all our ends
On Thee for judge, and not our friends,
That we with Thee may walk uncowed
By fear or favour of the crowd.

Teach us the strength that cannot seek
By deed or thought to hurt the weak,
That under Thee we may possess
Man's strength to comfort man's distress.

Teach us delight in simple things
And mirth that has no bitter springs;
Forgiveness free of evil done,
And love to all men neath the sun.

Land of our birth, our faith, our pride,
For whose dear sake our fathers died;
O Motherland, we pledge to thee
Head, heart, and hand through the years to be.

Who Dies If England Live?

No easy hopes or lies
Shall bring us to our goal,
But iron sacrifice
Of body, will, and soul.
There is but one task for all,
For each one life to give:
*Who stands if freedom fall?
Who dies if England live?*

Still More Work For Idle Hands

BEFORE us is a photograph of a little house at Tyldesley, Lancashire, which has been the scene of a fearful calamity involving the loss of nine lives.

The picture is of a row of ugly dwellings built right up to the narrow pavement, the frontage of each about 15 feet. The windows are small. There are two bedrooms to each house, so that ten human beings slept in two rooms of the house we refer to.

Many miles of such streets remain standing in the old industrial towns and villages of the North. Would that they could be pulled down by some of the men who walk about our streets with nothing to do.

Good Counsel

THE tendency of our German friends to acquire undue bulk as they advance in years has been frequently noted. We rather rejoice to learn that it has been stayed.

The reduction of waist measurements is attributed by a German medical journal to two things—more exercise and less beer!

This is excellent counsel for Germans and all others.

How Do You Sleep?

SOME people will say they sleep like a log; others that they sleep like a top. Both are wrong.

An American university, making a prolonged examination by slowly-moving film photographs of sleepers, has declared that nearly everyone has 10 to 12 sleeping positions, and changes most of them once or more during the night.

Some of these positions are more favoured than others by everybody; but, however sound the sleeper, he or she will move 20 times a night, and some will move 40.

Notice To Inventors

AMONG so many inventors of note is there none to give us a quick-drying and indelible ink?

Surely research should be equal to the task, and what a boon and blessing such an invention would be! If a quick-drying writing ink were to cost a trifle more than the common variety it would still be cheap.

A Happy Christmas To New Zealand

We publish this note from our New Zealand correspondent in our post-bag.

HERE we are nearly at Christmas. Everyone goes swimming; summer sports are going strong; the early plums will soon be ripe; haymaking is in progress on all the farms; and many sheep have already been relieved of their fleeces to keep them cool.

Answer To Hitler

He hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the Earth.
Acts 17, 26

Music Versus Crime

IN Chile, that advanced (and mostly white) South American republic, they have a theory that music is an antidote to crime.

The Chilean Minister of Justice, pointing out that music is a compulsory subject in all Chilean schools and that bank and shop robberies are rare in the republic, declares his belief that there is some relation between the two things.

Music is freely employed in Chilean prisons as a calming influence, and the Minister is confident that it improves the general character of the prisoners.

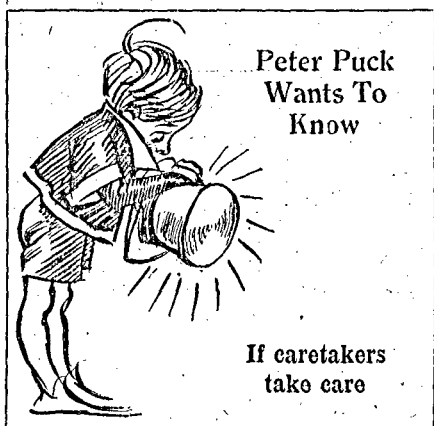
Tip-Cat

A FATHER says his car is so old it has become a tradition in the family. His sons will soon break down the tradition.

MANY people go in for gardening. We should expect them to go out.

THE hour of the day could be communicated by telepathy, we are told. Who would have thought it?

A WAITER has kept one post for forty years. Unopened?



IN some places tram fare is doubled after midnight. How can it be unless it is paper money?

UMBRELLAS you can't lose are being sold in Prague. A disappointment to the man who was hoping to get a better one.

PEOPLE under twenty enjoy frosty weather. The ice age.

A MAN says his car has run him into a lot of money. Better than a brick wall.

IF you want to get anywhere today you must have personality. Enough money to pay your fare is just as useful.

THERE are two sides to every question, declares an M.P. Your own and the wrong side.

THE BROADCASTER

C N Calling the World

£39,000 has been raised for Guildford's new cathedral.

AUSTRALIA's death-rate last year was less than nine per 1000.

JUST AN IDEA

There is something wrong with our lives if we let the little things slip.

Alas! For Thee, Poor Italy

A prophecy written eighty years ago during the Italian revolt against Austrian domination.

ALAS! for thee, poor Italy,
The curse is on thy brow;
Thy temples and thy palaces
Lie desolated now!

Oh! sad and mournful is the fate
Which time hath brought to thee
Whose wide dominion was the world,
Whose boundary the sea!

But yet thy great and noble acts,
Though buried in the Past,
Around thy name and destiny
A flickering splendour cast.

And who shall dare forbid the hope
That thou again may rise
To live in glory, fame, and strength,
And by the Past made wise?

Lo! in the North, all radiant shines
The advent of the dawn
When thou shalt dash thy chains
aside
And laugh thy foes to scorn!

When olives rich shall grace thy fields
With smiles of Peace and Love;
When joy shall tune thy daughters' songs
As through thy vines they rove;

When babes shall lisp and dance
and play
Upon each mother's knee;
And thou shalt feel the glorious bliss
Of Freedom's Jubilee.

A, B, and Z

WE have heard much of sporting proficiency as a passport at school, but in America the thing goes much farther.

A story is told of two professors talking at half-time of a football match.

"Oh," said Professor A to Professor B, "I see you have Z playing for you. We could do nothing with him."

"Well, he does very well with us," said B. "He passed with an average of 50. We reckoned that if the ordinary student required 75 for a pass it would be fair to require 50 from him. Of course we gave him a special examination."

"I see. How many questions did you ask him?"

"We decided that if you asked the average class ten questions it would be fair to ask him two. So we did, and he passed."

Professor A was silent for a moment, and then said, "Would you mind telling me what the questions were?"

"Not at all. First I asked him what was the colour of blue vitriol, and he said Pink, which was wrong. Next I asked him if he knew how to make sulphuric acid, and he said No, which was right, so I passed him."

And that is that, as no doubt Z said on his way home.

The Seeing Heart

Almighty Being, that dost dwell
In the high heavens apart,
Alone and inaccessible
Save to the seeing heart,
Shelter our herds, increase our folds,
Ripen the swelling grain,
Breathe life into the barren rocks,
And send the timely rain.

Alfred Austin

WINNING AGAINST POVERTY

Story of a Young Artist
HIS GREAT CHANCE TO SEE
THE WORLD

The story of the young artist struggling against poverty who suddenly meets success is told often enough in books. Sometimes it happens in real life.

In Melbourne there is an artist, 24 years old, who until recently lived in poverty and now has the opportunity to go abroad to study in the great art centres of Europe. He has won a travelling scholarship that will take him abroad for two years with an income of £225 a year. It is not a fortune, but it is riches to this young man.

Mr C. N. Bayliss, winner of the Melbourne Gallery Art School's Travelling Scholarship of 1935, first went to the Gallery 18 months ago. He said little about his earlier life for he was naturally reserved, but it was known that it had been a struggle against poverty, with a love of painting as the driving force.

Early Struggles

He lived in one of Melbourne's industrial suburbs and rode a bicycle to the Gallery; sometimes he rode on the rims of the wheels when he was too poor to repair the tubes. Each day he bought the most meagre lunch possible, for any spare money was needed for Gallery fees and his paints. He won the warm regard of his fellow-students, though few knew of the full extent of his struggles. His teachers saw that he had gifts far above the ordinary and gave him every encouragement. During the year the winning of several prizes was a godsend, for they enabled him to meet Gallery fees. Models were necessary for the paintings to be entered for the Travelling Scholarship; these he could not afford, but a fellow-student posed for him.

He entered for the scholarship, but never dreamed he would be successful, for many students with longer training were competing.

He went to spend Christmas with a fellow-artist and nobody knew his address. The artists did not spend money on papers, and so, all unknown to Mr Bayliss, hundreds of men and women were reading in the morning papers, three days before Christmas, the story of his struggle and his success. It was not until a newspaper representative found him, after long search, that he heard the good news bringing so great a change into his life.

His comment was simple. "It is a wonderful lift for a man," he said.

HOW TO SAVE THE STATUE ON THE GREEN

Consult the Office of Works

The famous statue of John Bunyan preaching which stands on a green at Bedford has been saved from destruction.

This fine example of the work of Sir Edgar Boehm had begun to show the effects of the 60 winters it has braved, and so, too, had the magnificent statue of John Howard by Sir John Gilbert.

The local authorities wisely consulted the Office of Works, who have assured them that by the expenditure of £50 now and of £5 a year in future these statues may be preserved in all their original grandeur. The good advice has been accepted.

The C.N. broadcasts this decision to other local authorities who have statues under their care, for nothing lowers the dignity of a town so much as the dilapidated appearance of statues of those once accounted worthy of honour and now dishonoured by neglect.

A MATCHLESS FEAT WITHOUT ANY FUSS

HIDING TEN MILLION MILES OF WIRES
G.P.O.'s Contribution To the
Beauty of the Countryside

OUR GREATEST TRIUMPH SINCE THE WAR?

MOST observers in this country, if they were asked what was the greatest thing the nation has done since the war, would probably say that it is the making of our great roads.

It is almost incredible to be riding along one of our arterial roads today and see beside it the tiny road that was the king's highway before the war. A great friend of the C.N. is very fond of pointing to one of these small roads in Kent and saying, "There is the road to Dover when the war began; half the munitions of war must have gone down it."

There was hardly a road then to compare with the roads along which the endless procession of cars now passes night and day; today we have thousands of miles of the best roads in the world. It is a supreme achievement.

But we may wonder if it has not been equalled by another supreme achievement of which very little has been said. Most of us have seen it going on without

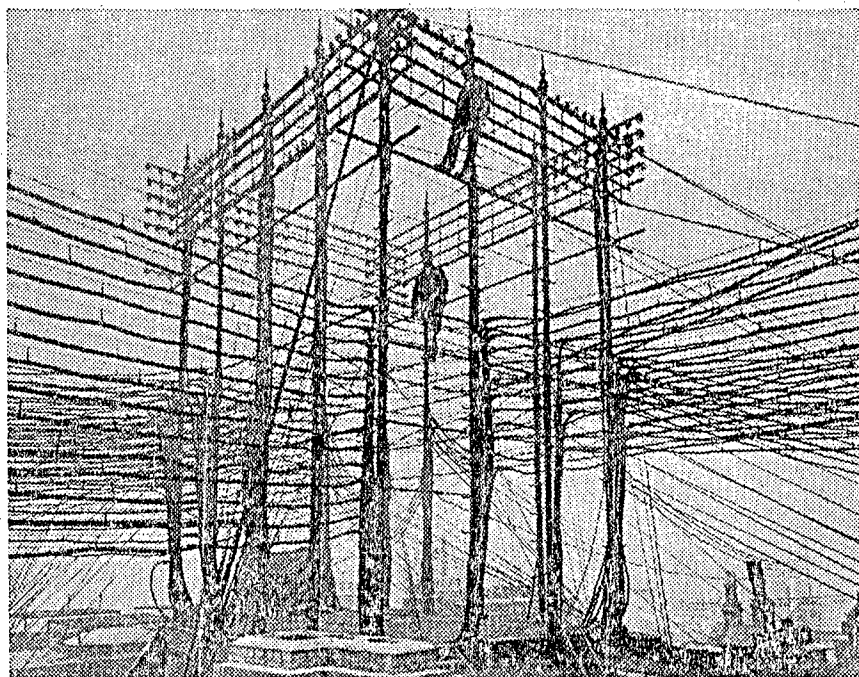
The Post Office has put underground since the war enough telephone wires to go 20 times to the Moon and back.

It has buried nine millions out of ten of our telephones, and more; the actual figures are that out of eleven million miles of telephone wires ten millions are underground.

We complain when the countryside is spoiled; but how often have we raised our cap to the Post Office for pulling down millions of posts and adding to the beauty of the landscape?

The work goes on as fast as possible, and it is expected that about £3,000,000 will be spent this year in burying telephone lines. There are two million posts still to disappear, and replacements and extensions call for about 100,000 posts every year.

It may not be possible to bury all the telephone lines, but they have disappeared from all our great towns and cities, and the telegraph wires are



This was a familiar sight in our great cities before the war. Now it is seen no more

realising that it was happening, for it has all been done quietly and locally, and, though it has made a remarkable difference to the countryside, few of us have noticed it. If it had been proposed that the thing should be done according to a great national plan it would have seemed dramatic and wonderful; but it is not less dramatic because it has been accomplished without any fuss, with hardly more than a word or two in Parliament, although at the cost of millions of pounds. Perhaps we may call it the greatest achievement in the 20th century of the most efficient organisation in Europe, the British Post Office.

What is this great thing? It is the Burial of the Telephones. Go to New York and you will see thousands of wires standing out against the sky. Look at any picture of London before the war and you will see them there. Today there are no wires over London, no darkening of the sky, no breaking of the skyline; the wires are underground. Ride through our countryside and you will hardly believe how few telephone posts there are. Before the war they were everywhere; now they are hardly anywhere. You will see men taking posts down, but how little you imagine that it is part of some gigantic scheme of almost incredible extent.

disappearing with them, for a new system allows a telephone message and 12 telegrams to pass over the wire at once.

No other country has such a high proportion of its telephone wires buried out of sight as we have, and the work goes on. It means, of course, that no country will have a more reliable service when the work is complete, for practically all our telephones will be independent of storm and weather, certainly all our trunk lines.

It is, of course, a vastly expensive scheme, but there are many advantages. Apart from the unsightliness of overhead wires, they are liable to great damage from storms and blizzards, with consequent interruption of communications. One storm a year ago cost £200,000 in repairs to telegraph and telephone lines, upsetting 20,000 poles, breaking 44,000 lines, and isolating 460 exchanges.

The great increase of long-distance traffic, called for the provision during 1935 of 600 new circuits with about 1200 equipments for the amplification of speech currents. These have been placed out of sight underground.

In 1934 a new cable was laid down between Glasgow and Liverpool; this was extended underground during 1935 for 217 miles to London by way of

LITTLE JUBILEE

Its Intelligence At a Party
WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF THE
APES COULD SPEAK?

By Our Natural Historian

Another tribute has been paid to the intelligence of chimpanzees, leading us to expect much from little Jubilee, born last year at the Zoo, and growing up in the best of nurseries for learning.

At a Zoo luncheon party given by Mr E. G. Boulenger was a young chimpanzee, untrained, straight from the Congo. Like a shy schoolboy at his first party it carefully noted the behaviour of the rest and did as they did, drinking from a glass, eating with a fork, and careful not to touch food with its fingers, until, overmastering moment, there arrived its favourite dainty, cherries!

Into the bowl went the little stranger's eager hands, clutching the fruit. The shout of laughter that followed showed him that he had committed an error, and, dropping his cherries, he buried his face in his hands in shame.

Having been present at such parties, one has been surprised, after hearing chimpanzees cry like human children when vexed or disappointed, that in such a social crisis as this an ape does not imitate its human friends by attempting to speak. They never do; grunts, growls, shrieks are their normal form of vocal achievement.

No Human Speech

Primitive man, when he had reached the stage at which we now see young chimpanzees, had a throat resembling that of the apes, and scientists tell us that at that stage of development there was no human speech, only howls and shrieks such as today form the sole means of vocal communication among apes and monkeys. Perhaps in a million years apes might evolve vocal organs resembling ours, and, with them, speech.

But supposing the physical development came, it is not certain that words would result. There is no reason why nearly all the perching birds should not sing, but they do not. Darwin knew of a sparrow which, reared among linnets, sang like a linnet. All the crow family, ravens, rooks, magpies, have the proper apparatus for singing, but, as we know, they never sing, seeming unable, in a state of nature, to modulate their voices to any appreciable extent.

If speech should come to the apes and monkeys what a sergeant-major of the treetops a howler would be! These monkeys, sufficiently described by their name, have voices whose best howl can be heard for miles.

COUNTING ALL

At this year's census of the Union of South Africa the black people and other non-Europeans will be counted.

They were left out at the last census to save expense, but it is now realised what a serious matter it would be if the progress were not recorded of the people who belong to the soil.

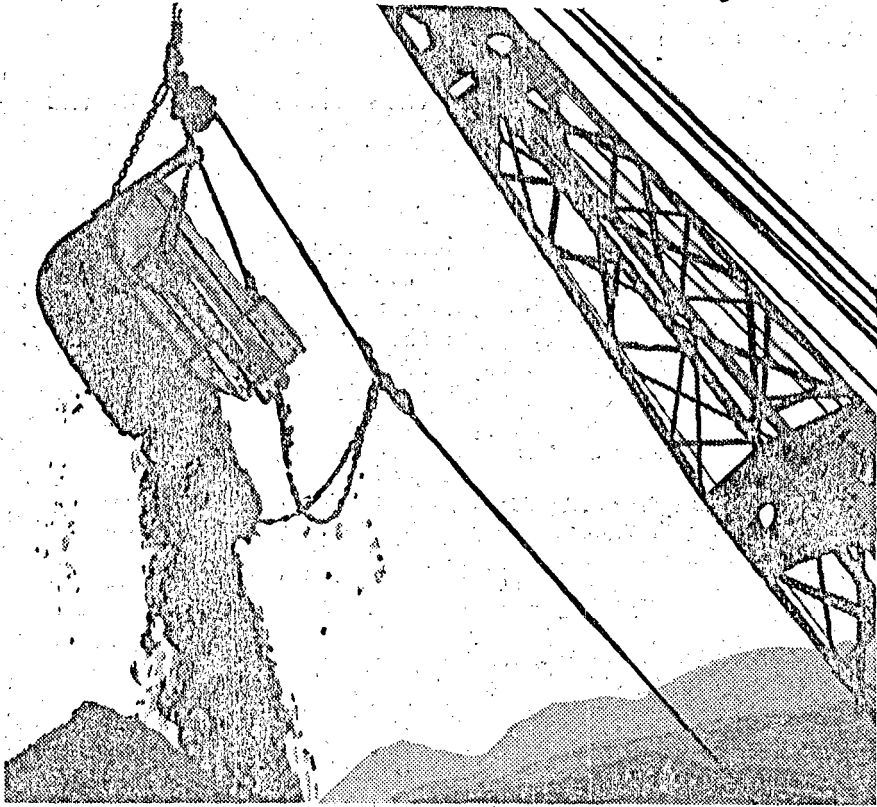
Continued from the previous column

Kidderminster and Oxford. The new type of cable used for this line gives considerably more telephone channels than the ordinary cable of the same size, in addition to special conductors for music broadcast purposes.

Other important cables laid underground during 1935 are those between Liverpool and Manchester, Carlisle and Newcastle, and Glasgow and Stirling. These cables have brought into use about 200 additional telephone circuits for long-distance work.

There are now about two and a half million telephones in this country, and the number of calls last year was the highest on record, 1850 millions.

The Mechanical Navy



A mechanical excavator being used to make the channel for a new canal in Holland.

MR ROOSEVELT'S WAY OUT

What Will He Do?

THE IDEA THAT HAS GONE WRONG WITH HIS REFORMS

The difficulties of President Roosevelt do not decrease as the serious results of the Supreme Court's decision unfold themselves.

Under the Agricultural Adjustment Act farmers were paid to cut down production. It is not a policy for admiration, for it is impossible to hold that the world can prosper by deliberately refusing to produce so as to put up prices. But it seemed to the President the only way to save his farmers from ruin.

How were the farmers paid? By levying special taxes on millers, canners, refiners, and other food manufacturers. So money was taken from Peter to pay Paul.

The Supreme Court held that this was an illegal act under the American Constitution because it conferred benefits on one section of the community at the expense of another. It follows:

That the American Government has to find some other way of saving its farmers; and

That the Government has to return an enormous sum to the millers and other food handlers. This sum approaches £250,000,000!

A Taxation Problem

How the money is to be raised we do not know. If it is raised from the general taxpayer it would still appear illegal to pay it to satisfy an illegal act. Further payments to the farmers also appear difficult, for any taxpayer might appeal to the Supreme Court for a ruling against taking his money for such a purpose.

In our own country subsidies are paid to beet producers, which is a group interest rather than a national one; but never has any country save America adopted such an idea as *paying farmers to produce less, and raising the money by taxing those handling the reduced product!* Such legislation as this, which the Supreme Court has banned, would certainly not pass our House of Commons.

The President is considering various plans to help agriculture within the Constitution, and it may be that they will prove to be sounder than the old ones. We wish him God-speed in his endeavours, the purpose of which is admirable.

THE SHOP BOY WHO HAS MADE HIS WAY Prime Minister Across the World

From Our New Zealand Correspondent

A quiet, earnest man of 63, who was born in Australia but has lived in New Zealand half his life, has just become Prime Minister of New Zealand.

He is Mr Michael Joseph Savage, leader of the Labour Party in the New Zealand Parliament and head of the Dominion's first Labour Government.

It has often been said that there was no politician in New Zealand who was more affectionately regarded by all parties than Mr Savage. His opponents in politics have always looked on him as a man of honesty, steadfastness of purpose, and a reasonable spirit.

Since he went to work in a general store at 13 he has been a hard worker, in turn a stockman on a sheep station, a miner, and the manager of a store.

He is New Zealand's first bachelor Prime Minister. For nearly thirty years he has shared the same house in Auckland with two friends, Mr and Mrs A. J. French, and when he became Prime Minister he announced that these old friends would share with him the ministerial residence.

NO LIMIT TO THE FUTURE The Things Being Done Today

Mr A. L. Munro, lecturing at the Chartered Institute of Secretaries, has been reminding them of the chemical marvels of the age we live in:

When motor-car parts are to be made from soya beans;

When transparent paper, paint, and nail-polish are made from forests;

When vinegar is made from calcium carbide and anti-knock materials for doping petrol from seawater;

When carbon dioxide, the gas exhaled by animals, is used for preserving food;

When rare gases which were laboratory specimens a few years ago are used for electric lamps, gas mantles, and radio valves;

When varnishes and explosives are made from soap lye and toilet soap from whales;

How can we begin to put any limit to what will be done in the future?

DISTURBING CLAIM OF JAPAN

MASTERY OF THE PACIFIC

Extraordinary Demand at the Naval Conference

A MENACING NAVY

Japan has disappointed all those friends who have believed that she had left the Feudal Ages long ago.

Urged by the war party in Tokyo, the Japanese Government is now spending half its income on armaments, and, finding that she cannot obtain complete mastery in the Pacific at the Naval Conference, she has instructed her delegates to withdraw, leaving there only a representative who will neither speak nor vote.

What Japan Asked For

The Conference is sitting to build up an agreed plan which will replace the Washington and London Naval Treaties expiring at the end of the year. A year ago Japan denounced the Washington Treaty because she regarded it as a slur on her standing as a great naval Power, the irritating factor being the ratio permitting her to own only three to every five capital ships of America or this country.

This ratio must be abolished, declares Japan, and in its place her representatives suggested a scheme called the Common Upper Limit, which was to establish a maximum which every Power might achieve. Japan, in fact, asked that she should be given the right to build for the protection of her shores in one ocean a fleet as big as that of America, which has a coastline in two oceans, or as big as the British Fleet, which is responsible for the defence of Dominions and Colonies far-flung throughout the world as well as of our island home, itself as big as all Japan has to defend.

Armaments and Security

The Washington Treaty has worked well and proved itself the best contribution so far devised toward world disarmament. The reason for this success is that it was based on the purely defensive requirements of the chief maritime nations. Since it was signed in 1922 the Treaty has not only removed those suspicions which always exist under free competition in naval armaments, but has saved millions of pounds to the nations affected.

Equal armaments do not insure equal security, as America's delegate neatly put it. Equality of security can only mean superiority of defence in each country's own waters.

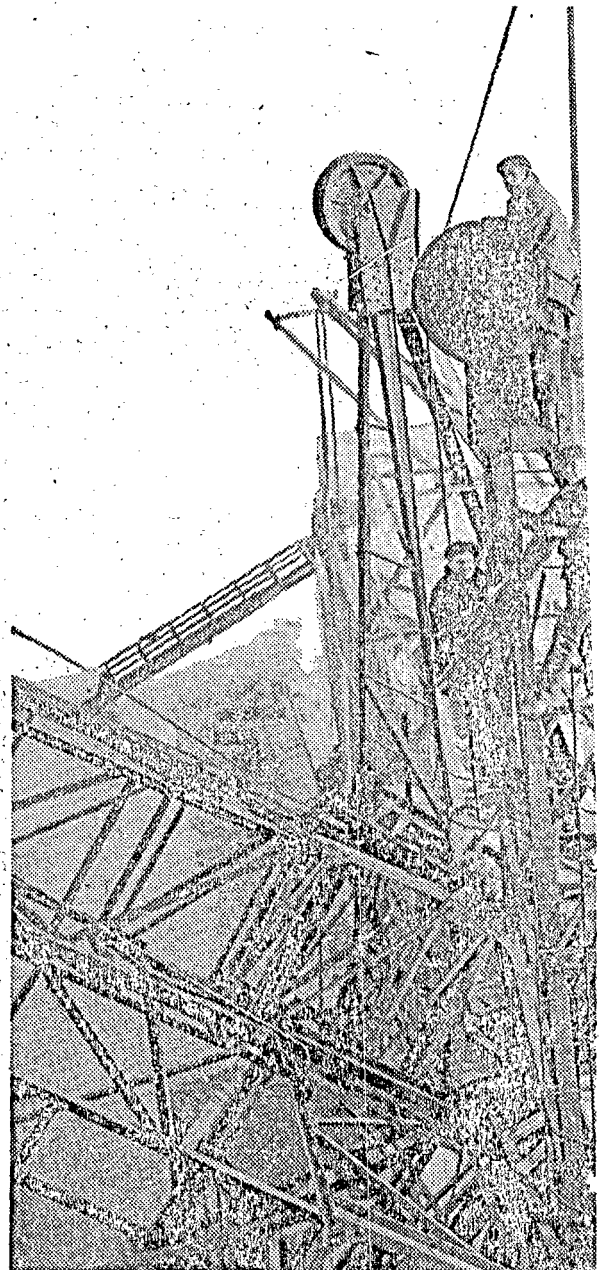
The Peace of the World

When any nation has a marked superiority over another after its needs for defence have been met that nation upsets the feeling of security needed for the peace of the world. Many factors have to be considered in arriving at the actual needs of each nation. Mere tonnage is by no means the only criterion. Land fortifications, air forces, length of coastline, distance of a possible aggressor, and the extent of outlying possessions all have to be reckoned. Obviously, therefore, Japan cannot need so big a tonnage for her interests in the Pacific as America needs for the Pacific and the Atlantic too.

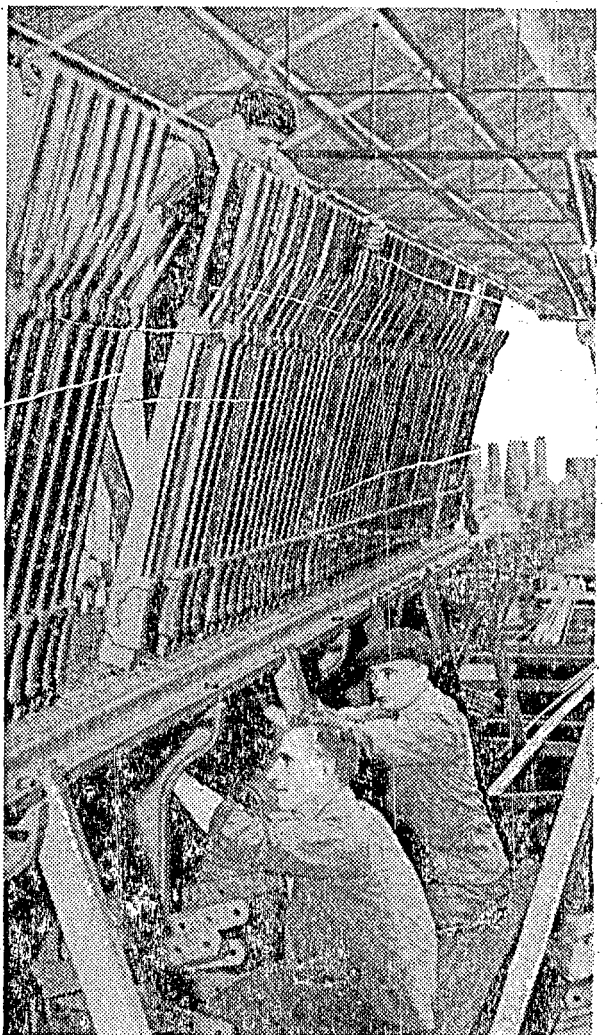
These arguments have even greater force where the British Empire is concerned, and Lord Monsell clearly pointed this out. He also showed that under Japan's proposal every country would not only have the right to build up to the common limit, but would have every encouragement so to do.

The Naval Conference will still go on, and there is hope that the schemes which will be discussed will prove so advantageous to Japan that she may decide to drop her claim and return to the Conference.

Dockside Cranes a

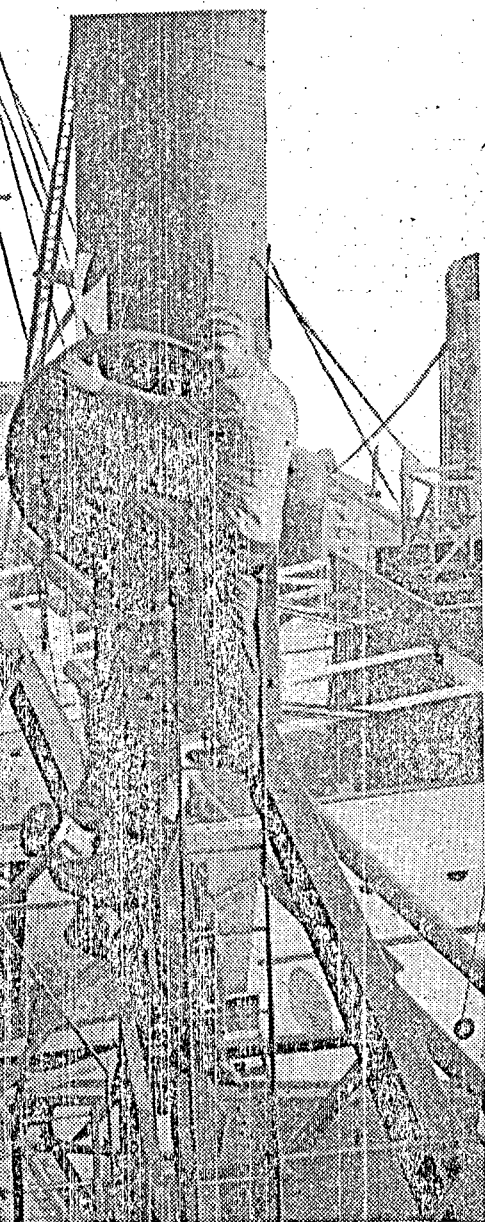


These men are at work on some of the 25 new three-ton cranes.

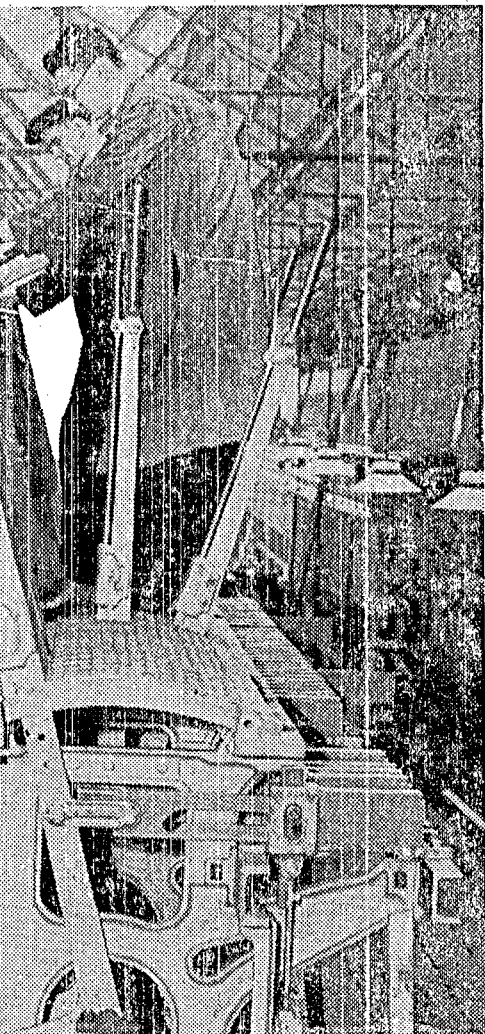


A peep into the works at Reading in which all the Great

Railway Signals



have been set up at the Royal Albert Docks in London



ern Railway's signalling equipment is made

BOYS MEET THEIR HERO

Dr Albert Schweitzer
at Silcoates School

WHAT ARE WE DOING WITH LIFE?

The boys of Silcoates School, near Wakefield, and many boys and girls who came over for the day from Ackworth School, will not forget an afternoon not long ago, when the head boy, speaking in German, said:

We are the happiest schoolboys under heaven today, because we have one of our heroes before our very eyes.

The hero was Dr Albert Schweitzer, whose hospital work on the edge of the equatorial forest at Lambarene in the Congo is well known to C.N. readers. As well as being a brilliant German doctor he is a scholar and a musician, and on this visit he had already lectured to the learned in Edinburgh, had visited numerous cities to tell of his work in Africa, and had made records of his organ-playing; yet he found time to speak to these Yorkshire schoolboys on the meaning of Ideals in life.

Mind and Heart.

He asked them with what thoughts they were going to leave school and go out into life. They would need knowledge, and in that they could be examined; but, said he, "there are no examiners who can look into your hearts. It is life itself that will examine you. Have you profited by your youth? Have you profited by taking into your heart the thoughts you will find in your books, in the classics? Are you carrying with you the necessary idealism?"

Dr Schweitzer told them that they must think about the true way of being human, not merely to be someone who has knowledge or who is clever in what he does, but to be somebody who knows what he wants to do. They would be poor if they did not realise that within all our lives there is a spiritual life. What is success in life if a man loses his soul?

How To Serve

He told of the number of letters he received from people asking how they could put their goodwill to use. It was not easy, he said. He himself had looked for years and years before he found his activity at Lambarene; so he always told such people to seek and to wait, but he added, "seek a humble sort of thing." Some of the boys would be famous perhaps, but he knew that the only ones who would be really happy would be those who found how to serve.

Dr Schweitzer will take back with him a wallet full of money collected by the Silcoates boys, and he told them he would give the African children who came to his hospital something specially good to eat and would make a point of telling them that it was from young people in Europe, for these Africans are always astonished that young people far away in another country should think of them.

37,422 YEARS

Dover had a great day for its old people. It collected enough of them to bring up the sum of their years to 37,422.

The old people gallantly responded to the compliment. Old Mrs Dyer, who has welcomed more than 50 grandchildren in her 93 years, was the veteran, but there were two others over 90 to keep her company, and 191 over 80.

The best compliment to married life was paid by Mr and Mrs Brisley, who accounted for 168 years between them; but the unmarried ladies came out well with Miss Craven aged 86, two years younger than the oldest bachelor.

EVERY WORKING DAY LAST YEAR

£4,000,000 Worth
of Trade

There is room for cheerfulness in the overseas trade figures of 1935.

We sent out goods worth £481,000,000, of which £426,000,000 were British goods and £55,000,000 imported goods.

We brought in £757,000,000 worth of goods, so that the total overseas trade in goods was £1,238,000,000.

The quantity and value of last year's trade showed a great advance on 1934, for the total trade of that year was £1,178,000,000.

These are wonderful figures when we remember how difficult it has become to do overseas trade at all. It is sheer necessity which beats down the artificial barriers set up by tariffs, quotas, and so on.

Each working day in 1935 saw the transaction of about £4,000,000 worth of imports and exports.

WHAT WILL THE FLAT-EARTHER DO NOW, POOR THING?

A remarkable photograph taken by Captain Albert Stevens from the American stratosphere balloon actually shows that the Earth is round.

This picture, when enlarged on the screen, reveals distinctly the curvature of the globe over a stretch of 220 miles of horizon. It was taken by infra-red light when the balloon was 13 miles high, and the camera's eye saw mountain ranges 300 miles away and covered a landscape of 33,000 square miles.

Other photographs taken at great heights have revealed something of the same kind. Captain Stevens himself took one when flying over the Andes at 21,000 feet some years ago.

A STRANGER IN OUR MIDST

Beneath the Greenwood
Tree

Even in the midst of civilisation a man can live like a hermit for 20 years.

When the old man passed away from his little hut of boughs in the Leygrove beech wood on Lord Parmoor's estate at Cadmore in Bucks he was nearing his 90th year. Since he was 70 he had lived beneath a roof of boughs, and had earned enough for his daily bread by tying bundles of firewood.

His furnishings cost him nothing, his clothes hardly more, and he was a strange figure with white hair curling almost to his waist and a pilgrim's staff in his hand. He would never talk to strangers, but he unbent to a few acquaintances, some of whom brought him food and firing, for he had become a local figure, even if none accepted him at his own valuation as a prophet. As a prophet his utterances were about as remarkable as the utterances of the Fleet Street astrologers now rampant in certain papers, his best-remembered prediction being that the day would come when men would eat grass.

ALWAYS MOVING ON

When Arthur Butler, while in a Tube train, was unlucky enough to attract the attention of the police he thought out an ingenious defence to the charge of loitering.

Through his counsel he asked how he could be accused of loitering when the train was moving him on at a speed unknown to loiterers.

The chairman of the London Sessions before whom the appeal came had an unanswerable rejoinder. You might as well say, he told the legal gentleman, that you cannot loiter anywhere because the world is moving!

Young Sailors in London



The boys of the famous Warspite training ship visited the Admiralty the other day and were inspected by the First Sea Lord. Here we see the drum-major leading the band.

STELLAR GEMS OF CANIS MAJOR

Giant Suns That Adorn the Celestial Dog

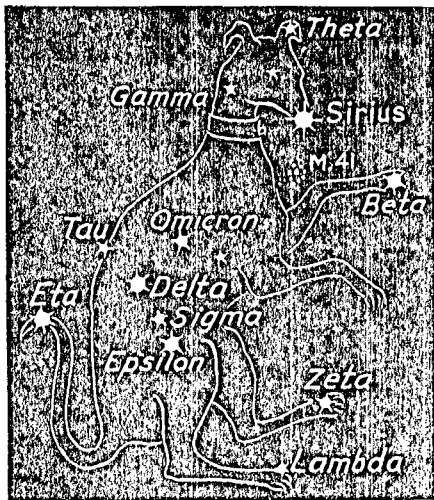
By the O.N. Astronomer

The great celestial Dog, Canis Major, now dominates the evening sky with the brilliant Sirius or Dog Star.

Sirius being the brightest of the stellar host as observed from the Earth will not be hard to find, glittering in the southern sky and due south between 9 and 10 o'clock.

In addition to Sirius, Canis Major is adorned with four stars of second magnitude (Beta, Delta, Epsilon, and Eta), together with three stars of third magnitude (Zeta, Omicron, and Sigma), the whole making a magnificent octette of stellar gems in addition to a fine array of fainter stars in the vast beyond.

The brilliant Beta is also known as Murzim, a name given to it by ancient Arabic astronomers. Murzim means Announcer, and signifies that, in rising before Sirius, it (as it were) announced the coming of that Prince of Stars. Actually, Beta is much larger than Sirius, for whereas Sirius radiates about



The chief stars of Canis Major

26 times more light than our Sun, Beta radiates over 1000 times more. It appears less brilliant because it is some thirty times farther than Sirius at a distance of 27½ light-years, that is 17,183,235 times farther than our Sun.

Beta is an Orion type sun enveloped in a fiery atmosphere of incandescent helium and possessing a surface temperature of 22,000 degrees Centigrade, about four times greater than that of our Sun and about twice that of Sirius. Beta thus appears to be an outlying and nearer member of the great Orion "family" of suns.

Delta, travelling also in the same direction, is another magnificent sun, even larger than Beta, and suspected of being a Cepheid variable, that is one that periodically expands and contracts. According to spectroscopic measurements its distance is some 325 light-years. It must be at least 1200 times the size of our Sun to radiate so much light from such a distance.

Both Epsilon and Eta, stars far to the south, are of the Orion type and enveloped in incandescent helium; but since Epsilon appears to be about 163 light-years distant and Eta only 57, it would seem that this section of the Orion family trails off toward us. Sirius is not a member of this family, neither is Delta.

Little Theta, at the uppermost ear of the Dog, is a sun more resembling our own in type though somewhat larger and at a distance of about 171 light-years.

Tau, an apparently small star of fourth magnitude, is actually composed of two most interesting suns, though at a distance too great to be measured up to the present. They are among the hottest suns known; their average distance apart is 130,000,000 miles, and they complete their orbit in 155 days at the terrific average speed of 33 miles a second.

G. F. M.

How the League Stopped a War in a Week

It may surely be regarded as certain that the League will triumph over Mussolini in 1936.

If the League should be able to stop the war in Abyssinia it will be a second time it has brought peace to two nations actually fighting.

This is the story of how the League stopped fighting between two nations ten years ago. Now the League is working slowly toward peace; in 1925 it was able to effect peace between Greece and Bulgaria by what has rightly been called the fastest cessation of hostilities ever known.

It was a trifling frontier incident against a background of fear and suspicion that led to the fighting between Greek and Bulgarian soldiers on the frontier by Salonica in October 1925.

Nobody knew, and at the moment nobody much cared, what started it.

The Bulgarians made, and thrice repeated an offer for a commission of investigation. The Greeks, claiming that their posts had been fired on, classed the affair as an altogether unqualified aggression, gave orders to the military commander to take any measures he thought fit, and demanded apologies, severe punishment for the responsible officers, and an indemnity of six million drachmae. A national army became engaged. Greek forces advanced on a front of 20 miles to a depth of six.

First Break With the Past

Here came the first break with the past. Previously Bulgaria would simply have had to fight; today she had an alternative. The Bulgarian Government ordered frontier posts not to resist this invasion by force. Not only could she now do this without loss of prestige, but she did it at a great moral gain abroad.

World interest was intense. Once again a match was sputtering in the powder-box of Europe, only a short way from where the World War started.

At six on the morning of October 23 the Secretary of the League was awakened to be given a message that war had been declared. At 8.50 he received a telegram from Bulgaria requesting him to convene the Council.

Thus for the first time the League was formally appealed to after the outbreak of military movements. Never before had a nation had a mechanism such as this at its disposal. Never had there been an automatic method of conference. Would it work?

Within four hours the Secretary had sent the first urgent telegrams to the ten members of the Council and the two interested States. Exactly this, be it noted, was what Sir Edward Grey tried to do in 1914, but he had no machinery, no custom or precedent, no formal undertaking on the part of the other States to accept. His appeal failed, and Europe slid down the cataract into war.

Today the only questions were the details of when and where. The meeting was fixed for October 26 in Paris.

Meanwhile, however, the military were in the field, and that very afternoon, at four o'clock, within a few hours of Bulgaria's appeal, the President of the Council sent a telegram to remind the two Governments of solemn obligations undertaken by them under the Covenant, exhorting them that troops should retire behind their frontiers.

At the Council Table

Thus within one day the Council had been called for three days later, both parties warned to withdraw their troops, 55 Foreign Offices had received three telegrams, and the press of the world had been given each detail automatically.

Three days later the Council was in session in the famous Clock Room at the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

Both the Greek and Bulgarian representatives took their places at the table. M. Briand, as president, stated that there were two questions before the Council: the ascertainment of the facts and the cessation of hostilities. He asked the two parties what action they had taken. The Bulgarian replied that as Bulgaria had never crossed the frontier she

willingly complied with the Council's request. The Greek said his Government would evacuate Bulgarian soil when the Bulgarians evacuated Greek soil. Faced by this situation, the Council withdrew for a private consultation, and in a short time reappeared, obviously in a stiff mood. Mr Austen Chamberlain read a report in which he said:

A frontier incident has arisen between two nations of the League. It would be an intolerable thing, an affront to civilisation, if with all the machinery of the League at their disposal such incidents should lead to warlike operations.

Mr Chamberlain then proposed a resolution inviting the two States to inform the Council within 24 hours that orders had been given for troops to withdraw behind their frontiers and within sixty hours that all hostilities had ceased and troops warned that firing would be visited with severe punishment. Representatives of Britain, France, and Italy were requested to visit the scene.

Twenty-four hours to agree and sixty hours to complete evacuation and cease firing—never had such a thing been done; never before had there been the machinery for doing it.

Stop Fighting

It is no secret that the resolution was made progressively stiffer as it was discussed. It was evident that a new procedure had been set on foot. In effect the outside world said to Greece and Bulgaria: "Stop fighting at once: you are under obligation to do so, and there are grave penalties possible if you do not."

The second session of the Council was held the next morning. Both sides were given a chance to state their case, each entering into a mass of detail which proved nothing except how taut are the nerves along that Balkan frontier.

The next morning the Council met to receive an answer to its first invitation; it was found that both Governments accepted the Council's proposal. The Greek representative read a telegram that the energetic attitude of his Government was to guarantee the security of the frontier populations. This statement drew a declaration from M. Briand which was re-echoed by all other members of the Council and cannot but have had a fundamental effect on international life.

Aggression Denounced

Under it self-defence could no longer be used as a justification for aggressive action; a new and better way had been found through the League. "I understood the representative of Greece to indicate," said M. Briand, "that all this would not have happened if his country had not been called upon to take rapid steps for its legitimate defence. It is necessary that such a preoccupation should not take root among the peoples who form the League. Under the pretext of self-defence disputes might be entered into which may assume proportions in which the country creating them can no longer be the master. The League offers the means of avoiding such deplorable events. The criticisms formulated against the League for its cumbrousness are shown to be unjustified. When a nation addresses the League it may be sure that the Council will answer, *Present*."

Each member of the Council expressed his concurrence with this view, denouncing aggression as a means of self-defence in international life. The new method of conciliation written into the Covenant

SPOILING WIRELESS Is Commercialism Creeping In?

From a Correspondent

Because our BBC programmes are cut down on Sundays certain British advertisers arrange with Continental broadcasting stations to buy time on that day for the output of amusing items (or items supposed to be amusing) mixed with advertising matter after the American fashion.

We note with satisfaction that the publicity manager of a big British advertising firm has been expressing his disgust with this practice.

International agreement on the point is sorely needed, combined with national ownership. No private person should be allowed to use the ether for advertising purposes, and especially he should not be allowed to do abroad what he cannot do at home.

We have the best broadcasting system in the world, largely because it is free from advertising and commercialism. Is it quite patriotic to try to destroy our supremacy in this respect?

It comes quite as a shock to visitors to America who hear an advertisement brought in deftly at the tail of a wireless talk on religion.

Now we understand that Americans themselves are beginning to be tired of mixing up advertisements with the most serious matter in broadcasting. For monthly fees, ranging from perhaps six shillings a month, it may soon be possible to have wireless programmes in the States quite free of advertising.

Continued from the previous column

had now been clothed with reality in a dispute which bids fair to be historic.

But the immediate question still remained: would the troops actually be withdrawn and hostilities cease, or would there be incidents, a change of policy, or other untoward event? Nothing is more dangerous than a retreat in rough hostile country full of lawless elements.

The next morning came a telegram from the British, French, and Italian officers showing that they had arrived on the field of operations 44 hours after the first session of the Council. They had secured agreements from both commanders to refrain from further hostile acts.

Now the Council decided to go on with the merits of the case. Mr Chamberlain asked and received assurance from both parties that all prisoners would be returned and all movable property restored or compensated for; and he then proposed an international commission to go to the spot and to meet in a week.

On October 30 the final session was held. Nothing remained but the last word that evacuation was complete. Two conclusive telegrams were read. The Bulgarian representative expressed the deep gratitude of Bulgaria, and the Greek representative renewed the thanks expressed the day before. M. Briand in a final summary said:

Throughout this affair there is neither victor nor vanquished. There are two nations which, forming part of the same great family of Peace, have shown their desire for conciliation by agreeing to accord to reason and justice in the dispute in which they were engaged.

In this lies the great strength of the League which has been so often criticised and so often ridiculed. Herein lies the family character of this great organisation. It is composed of nations great and small, all equal, and all sure of finding within it the same justice. When two nations are at issue, in one of these disputes which, alas, it is very difficult to avoid, they can at once take refuge within the shelter of this family and be sure of finding justice.

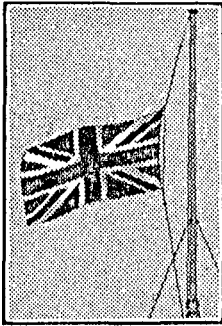
This terminated the final day's session. A few minutes later M. Briand was seen coming into the reception room, where tea was being served, the Greek delegate on one side and the Bulgarian on the other. He took them to the table, served them both, and left them.

GOOD KING GEORGE'S DAY IS OVER

The Life and Reign of the Foremost Monarch of His Time

THERE could hardly have fallen upon us all at this time a more melancholy misfortune than that which has brought grief to every home in the land. The reign of Good King George is over.

He was the sovereign ruler of nearly a fourth of the human race, and he held sway over the destinies of the vast British Commonwealth of nations in the most fateful period of their history. He sat on the proudest throne in the world, and held it firm and strong while thrones were toppling round him everywhere. While ancient



dynasties fell and crowns rolled in the dust, while Revolution came knocking at the door in other lands, King George the Fifth planted himself more deeply in the affections of his people.

There have been greater kings, though only a few, but no plain man has ever done his duty more nobly than he. No greater English gentleman has ever sat upon our British throne.

Of King George as of the Iron Duke it may be said in the glowing words of Tennyson that

Whatever record leap to light He never shall be shamed.

THE death of King George the Fifth, first British King of the House of Windsor, has been felt by all the people of his wide dominions as the shock of a personal sorrow.

No king in the world's history has more completely entered into the life of the multitudes over whom he was called to reign. No king except his father Edward the Seventh has accepted so unreservedly, and has understood so well, the fine duty of constitutional government as it has grown up in the British Empire. No king has devoted his energies more heartily to the service of his subjects of every class in all parts of the homelands, or taken greater pains to know the needs and aspirations of the overseas Dominions. Duty has been his watchword, and an un-failing sympathy pervaded all his work.

His Knowledge of the World

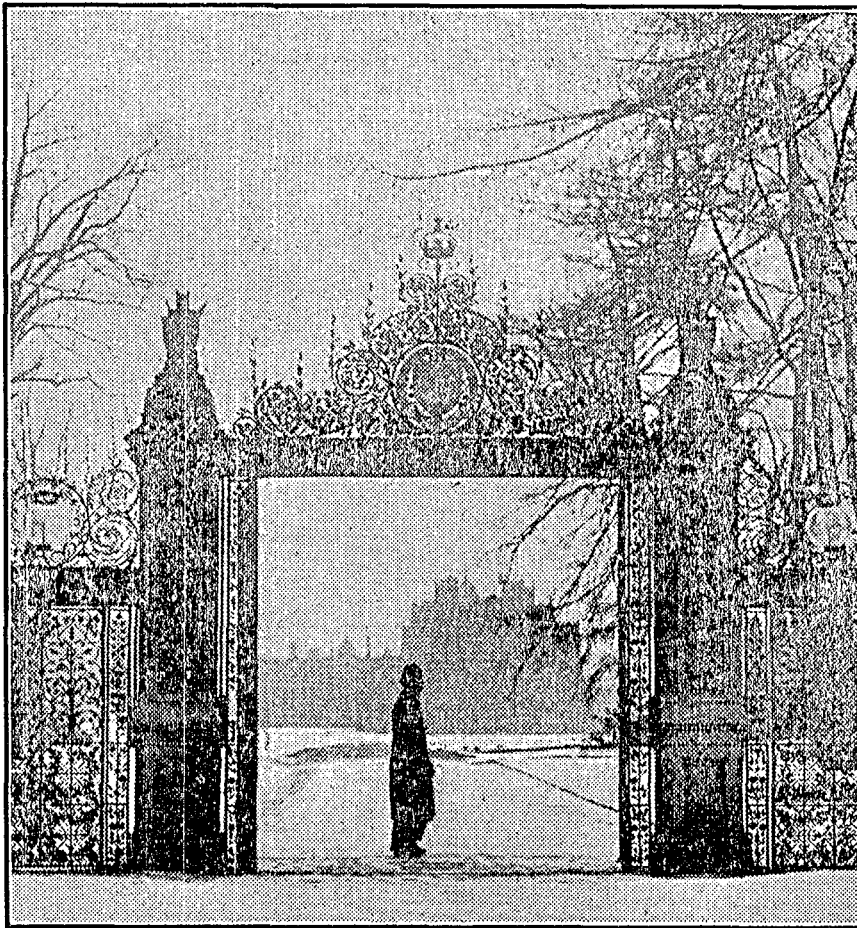
King George and Queen Mary succeeded in linking the whole nation with themselves and their children in a close and warm family feeling. We were theirs and they were ours. The Royal Family means to the nation far more than kingship; it embraces a great national kinship: and their sorrow is ours. For this the whole family has laboured, not in vain.

No monarch has ever had a more complete personal knowledge of the world than he, and he was well fitted to benefit by this wide experience. Though he had not the distinctive personality of his father, he had a full measure of the qualities needed in a wise and able constitutional monarch, and he was quick in understanding the essential requirements of kingship in a modern democratic age. It has been largely due to the wisdom of King George and Queen Mary in showing the usefulness of royalties trained in public duties that our British monarchy has been strengthened while thrones have been falling and weakening elsewhere.

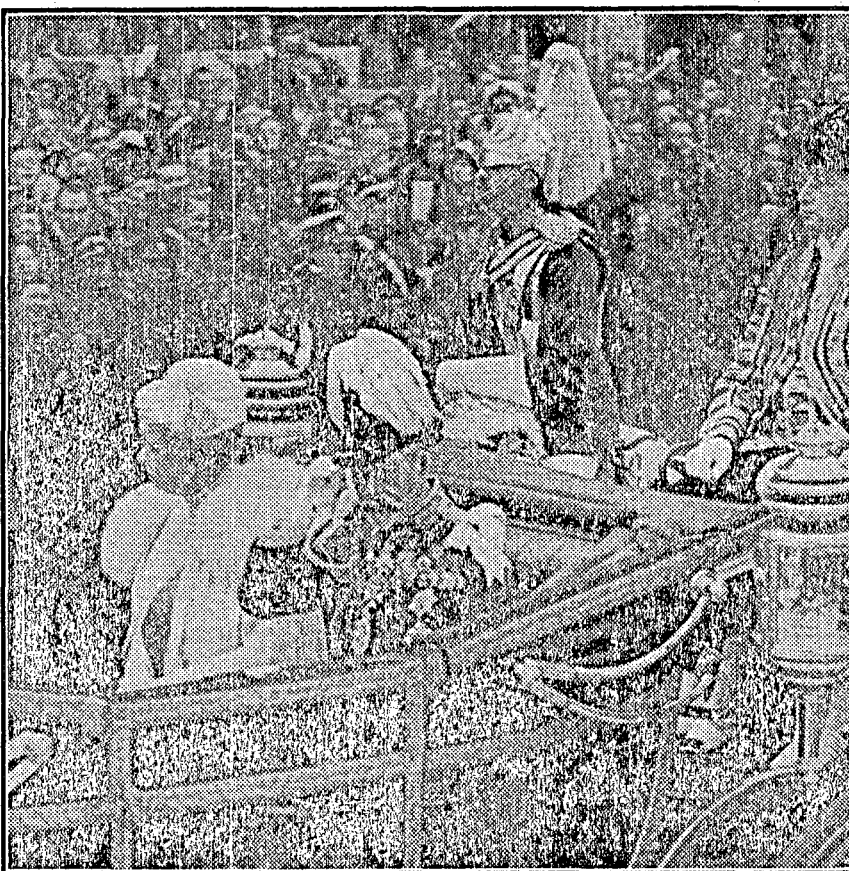
His Judgment

Personally the king sustained his part with dignity and efficiency without show. His voice was full and bold, and his public speeches were delivered in a way that commanded respect. He made the impression of a man who was master of any task he undertook without being self-assertive. The observer felt that the king was thoroughly capable, yet modest. His good judgment won the confidence of the leading statesmen of whatever party came into office, and his breadth of view led him to make no difference in the frankness with which he co-operated with them. He had the secrets of bearing and address which made him able to give a sense of satisfaction to Eastern dignitaries, to dusky half-civilised potentates from the outlying parts of the Empire, to men of light and learning from the greater nations, and to the homeliest citizen who found himself in the king's company.

THE KING AND THE HOME HE LOVED



The gates of Sandringham House



Riding through London on Jubilee Day

Throughout his reign King George never lost touch with his people, but perhaps he came nearest to their hearts by the way in which he shared with them the common burdens and strain of the Great War. With them he shared alike in danger and privation. Like them he discarded all luxuries, lived the simple life, and made all feel that he was in the ranks with them. He was one of the first to accept the total abstinence pledge during the war, when the palace was teetotal for the duration of the conflict. In this he was greater and more self-sacrificing than his Parliament. It was an example that thrilled his countrymen, and his generation will never forget it.

A Servant of the Future

He became to countries that are not monarchical the kind of chief citizen whom they rather envied. They wandered by Buckingham Palace with admiration in their minds for the king who was on rations. But that is only a sample of the way in which King George always followed the line of kingly duty.

Our King George, who has redeemed the name of George from the scorn in which it stood in our royal annals, has more than served faithfully in his day. There is every reason for the belief that he has equally well served the future by the manner in which he and his queen have laid the foundations of sound government for the British Dominions in the years to come.

To Queen Mary the thoughts of the citizens of all parts of the British Commonwealth of States will flow with affectionate solicitude. Right royally has she borne her part in this most honourable reign. She has been a pillar of strength to her husband in all his undertakings, and the thought of her adds to the family and national grief, and arouses world-wide sympathy. More particularly throughout the wide regions that are proud of being British, and where the throne is acknowledged as one of the great bonds of unity, the news will carry deep sorrow for the ending of a sterling life, honourably lived for half a century.

The Brothers

We have looked at the character of our good King George, friend of his people and of all mankind. Let us look at the part he played in our public life for so long.

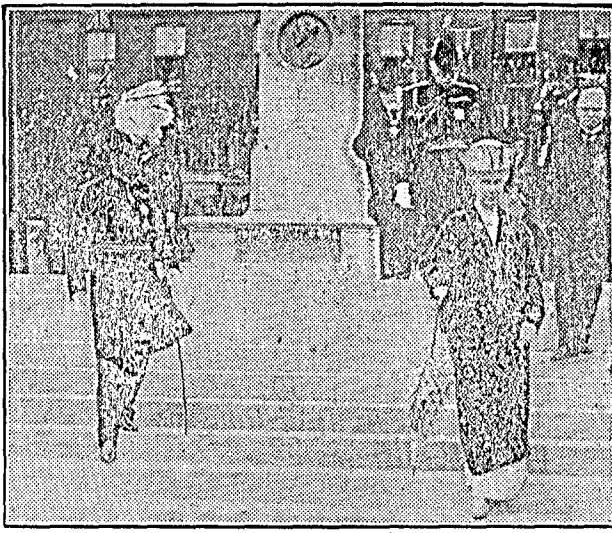
He was born at Marlborough House, London, on June 3, 1865, son of Edward, Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward the Seventh, and the Princess Alexandra, afterwards Queen. His baptismal name was George Frederick Ernest Albert—George for short.

He had an elder brother, Albert Victor, Duke of Clarence, and the boys were educated together, chiefly at Sandringham, their country home. When Albert was thirteen and George was twelve the two lads became naval cadets on the training-ship Britannia, and two

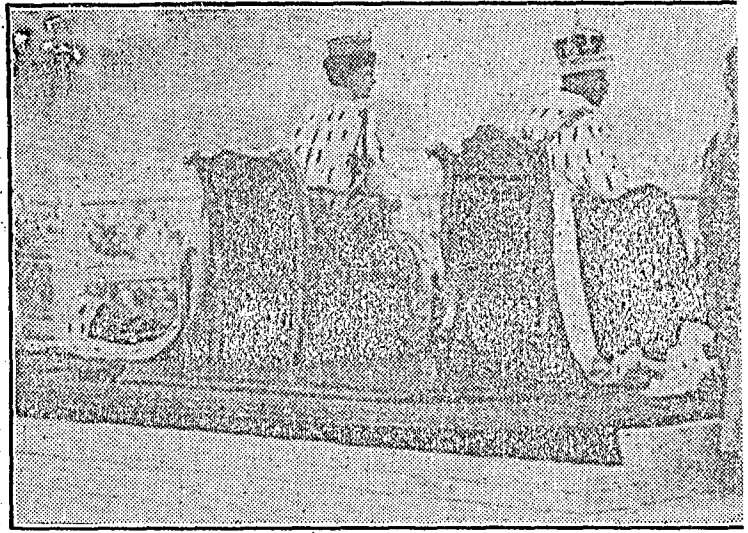
THE WHOLE WORLD MOURNS THE POPULAR KING



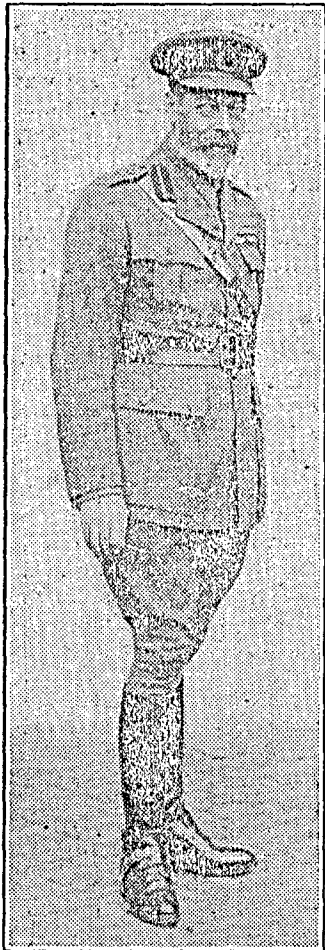
On the way to Liverpool Cathedral



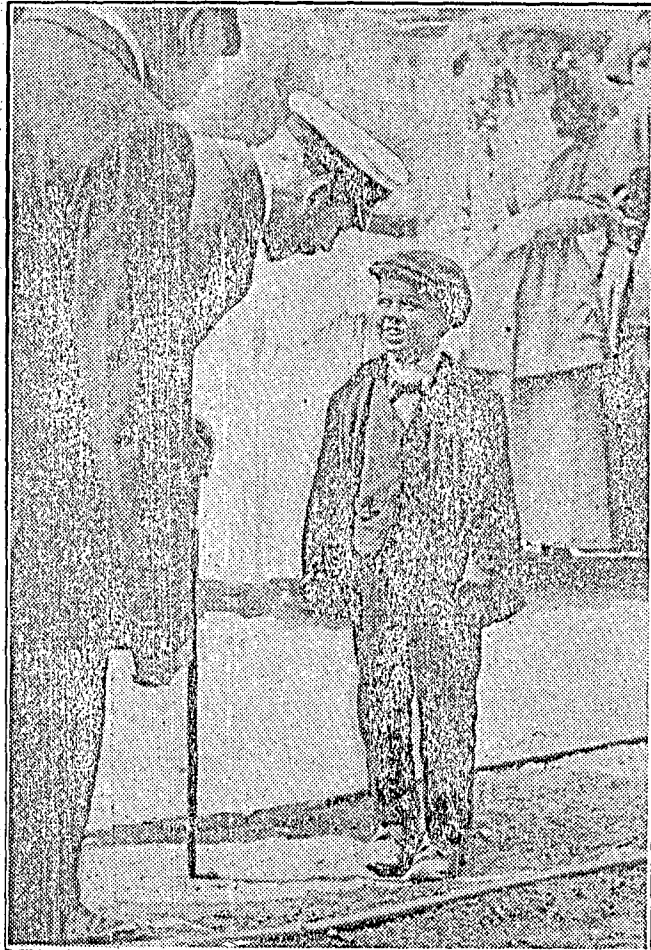
At the unveiling of a memorial to his father in Shadwell Park



The King and Queen



His Majesty's smile



The King stoops—a little talk with a little lad



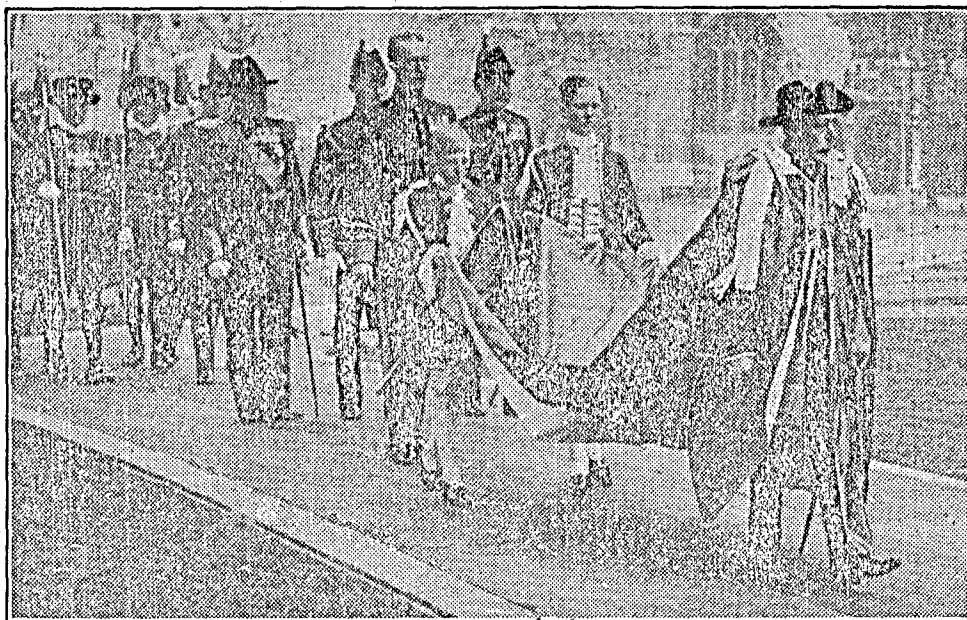
At Holyrood Palace



A walk among the oh



Nearly 40 Years Ago



A procession from Westminster Abbey

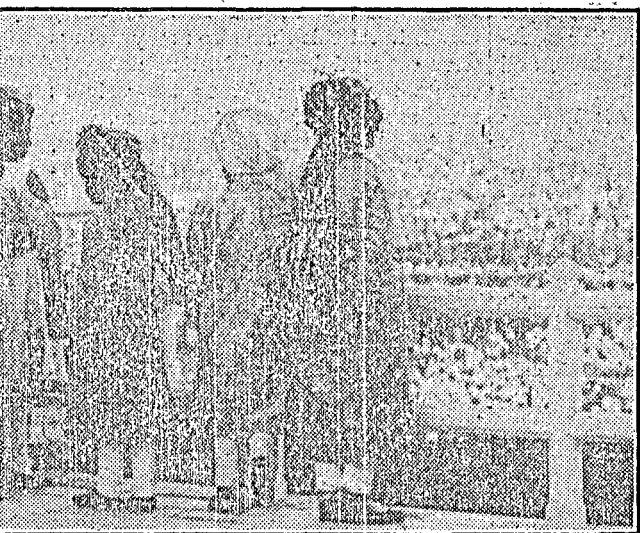


Little Prince George

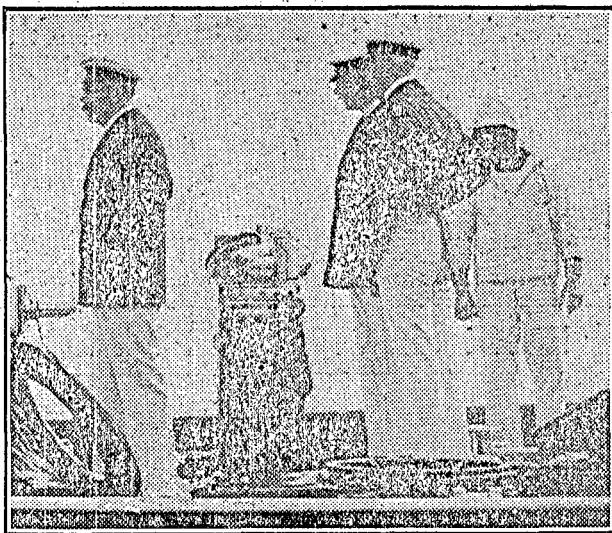
There was no king in the world more beloved by his people than George the Fifth. There was no king who knew the world better, for he had

travelled in every part of it and sailed on every sea. He loved peace and worked for it with every fibre of his being. He sought the goodwill of

OF NEARLY A QUARTER OF THE HUMAN RACE



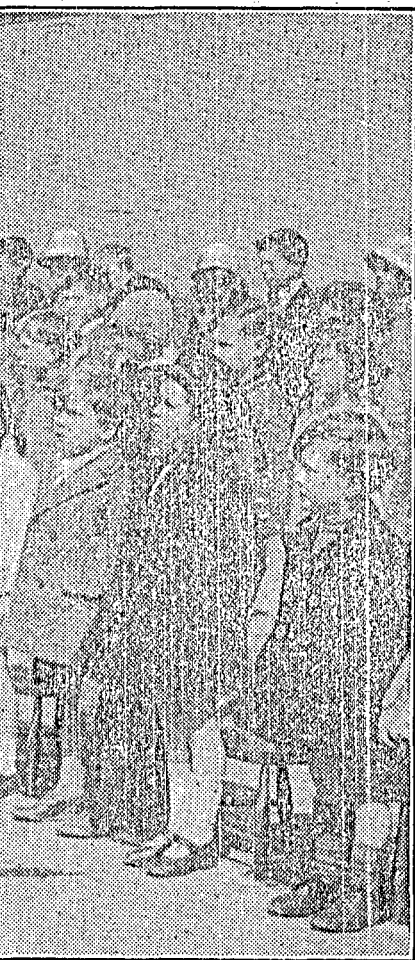
Delhi Durbar



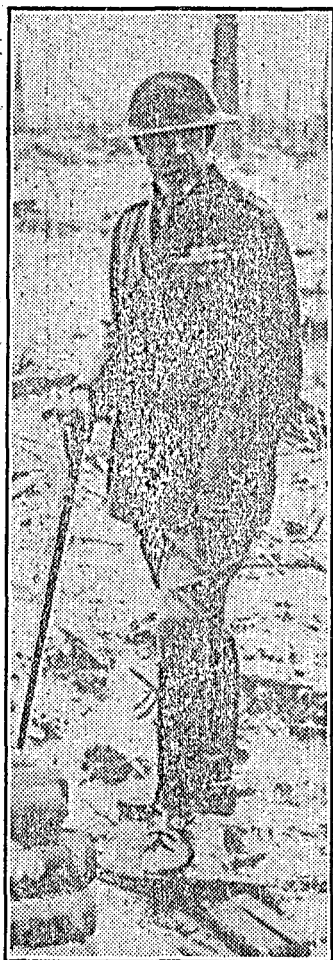
The Sailor King on board the Britannia at Cowes



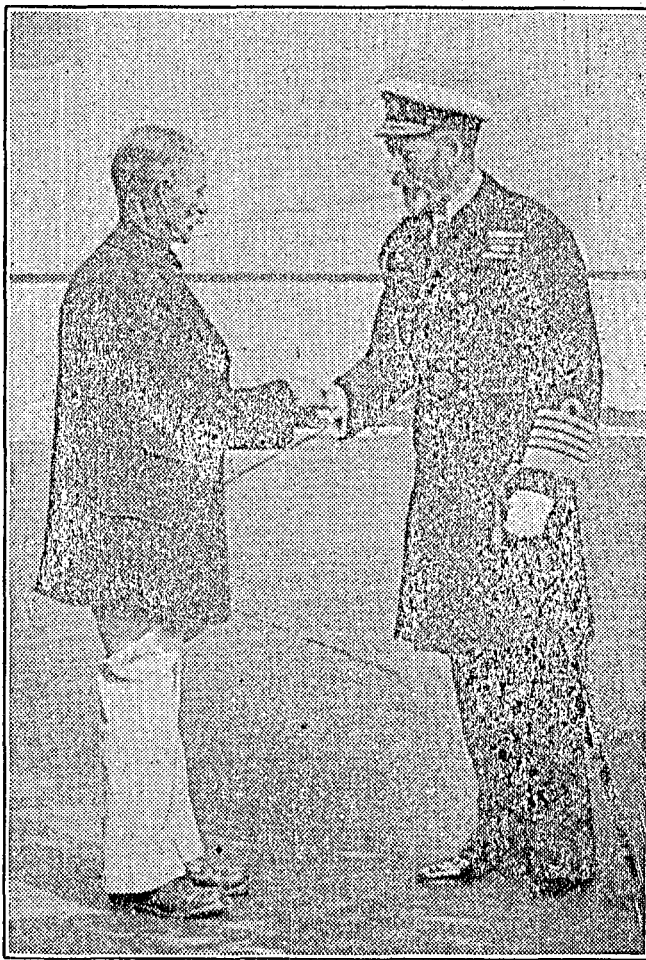
Driving through the City of London



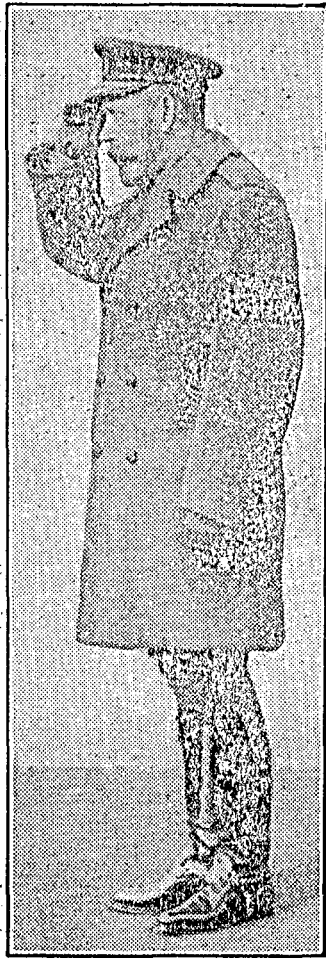
the flag



On the stricken field



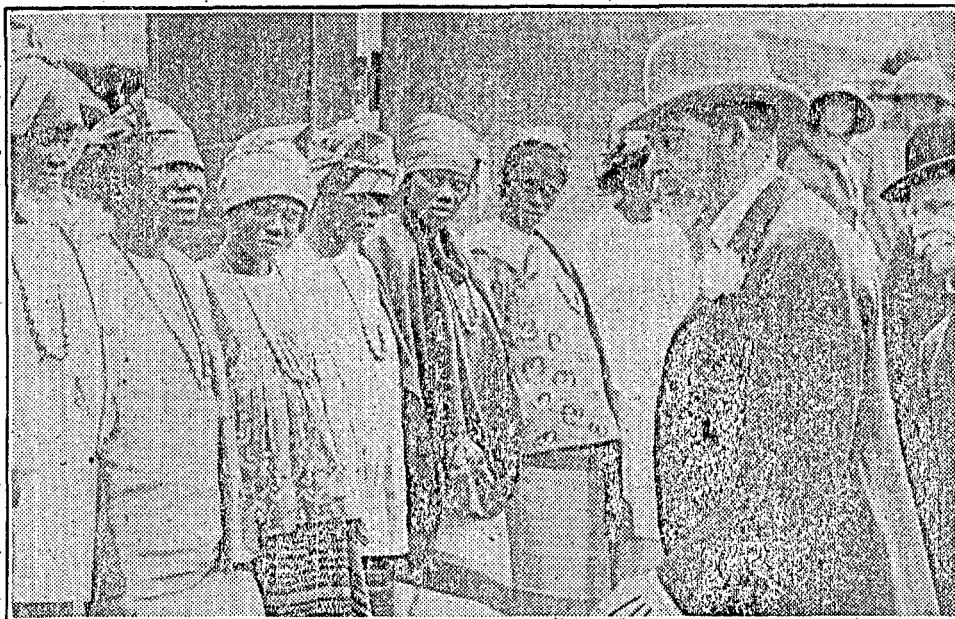
A word with a navy at the docks



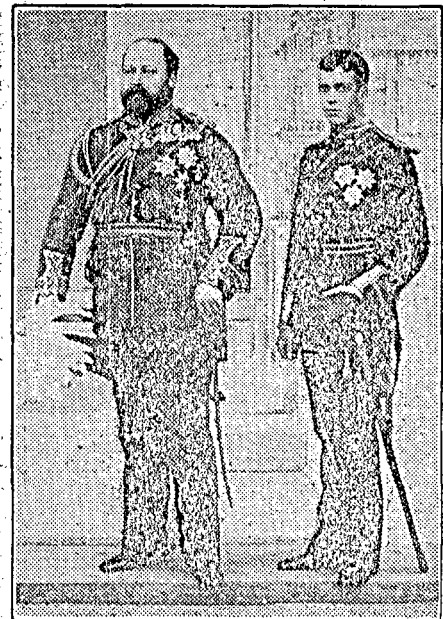
At the Cenotaph



The King as Duke of York



A talk with the Gold Coast people at Wembley



The King with his Father 50 years ago

nations and the welfare of all peoples, and in his own land and in great Dominions of the flag beyond the seas, in the marvellous

empire of India over which he reigned as Emperor of three hundred million people of many tongues and many faiths, he was the friend of all.

THE KING WHO SERVED HIS PEOPLE AND LOVED HIS NATION WELL

years later they went to sea, their father being determined that they should have a freer education than he had had. In the course of their voyage to the West Indies they became midshipmen.

A long round of the world followed in 1880 in the *Bacchante*, during which they saw something of South America and South Africa, reached Australia, crossed the Pacific, calling at the Fiji Islands, visited Japan, and returned through the Suez Canal to Egypt, Palestine, and the Western Mediterranean. This was their last voyage together as young sailors. Albert, who was heir to the British throne, had other training before him, while for George service in the Navy was chosen as his life's work.

Accordingly George again went to sea, this time in the *Canada*, which was sent to the North America and West India station. After he returned home for full training in the Royal Naval School at Greenwich he was made a lieutenant when he was twenty. There was no idea at that time that he would ever be a king. He was quite content to be an officer in the Navy.

Prince of Wales

He served in the usual way in a succession of warships great and small, including the *Dreadnought*, then the most powerful ship in the world. When he was 24 he had his first independent command—a torpedo-boat, and a year later he was in command of a gunboat, the *Thrush*, on the North America station. When he was 26, and commander on the warship *Melampus*, his brother Albert died, and he became heir to the throne after his father. This, of course, changed the whole course of his life, but he always loved the sea and regarded himself as a seaman, as indeed he was. The title of admiral, which he eventually received, was no pretence.

When he left the sea he was made Duke of York, and on July 6, 1893, he married Princess Mary, daughter of the Duke of Teck. Their first child, so long our popular Prince, was born on June 23, 1894, and four other children are now living. It is interesting to note that King George was the father and the son of an Edward Prince of Wales.

In the first year of this century, 1901, Edward the Seventh became king. The Australian colonies in that year had united as a Commonwealth and the first Parliament for all Australia was about to meet in May. It was very fitting that the sailor prince should go out with his wife and open the Parliament that was destined to make the island-continent a great world State within the Empire. They went in the *Ophir*, took part in the ceremony, and continued their voyage to New Zealand, South Africa, and Canada—a second voyage round the world. On his return the Duke of York was created Prince of Wales.

In India

Other missions to stimulate good feeling between the homeland and the greater overseas parts of the Empire were a visit to India in 1905 and another to Canada in 1908, when the third centenary of Quebec was celebrated. A third voyage was intended for 1910, when the Union of South Africa was inaugurated, but this fell through owing to the death of Edward the Seventh and the accession of George the Fifth as king. The new sovereign had had a varied apprenticeship to the kingship which he had never expected as a boy.

The accession of the king took place on May 6, 1910, and the Coronation was in Westminster Abbey on June 22 in the following year. In the autumn the king and queen paid a visit to India, a visit of the greatest importance. The occasion was the changing of the capital of that vast and complex assemblage of States which ranges from Calcutta to Delhi.

The single name India suggests that the region southward of the great Himalayan mountain mass is one country, but it is nothing of the kind. It is an unsorted medley of States, races, religions,

languages, and castes, with many capitals, and the one centralising and controlling force which prevents a recurrence of the turmoils, confusion, wars, oppressions, and paralysing weaknesses of the past is the British system of government. Calcutta has been the capital associated with that government. From it British power spread to the great practical advantage of India as a whole. If there is any Indian centre that can claim to have had a similar radiating

the rulers of the third part of the whole land that is governed by native sovereigns assisted by British advisers, and the display was of the kind which impresses the imagination of Eastern peoples. It was the most gorgeous pageant the King-Emperor ever witnessed, with himself as the central figure, and it had a marked effect in attaching to the British throne the many Indian princes who rule the States which are not governed by British officials.

IN THE HEART OF HIS PEOPLE



The King was very popular as Prince of Wales, and loved to be among the people

influence in former times it is Delhi. There were periods when from Delhi emanated a military sway which overawed a great deal of India, though never all of it, and now that we are trying to endow India with a government of her own, if she can organise and control any such government with advantage to herself, Delhi is the place which has some sentimental claims.

So to Delhi all the princes, potentates, and powers of India were called to a magnificent Durbār to meet the new Emperor of India, the royal head of the Government that holds India welded together as one. To this assembly came

King George began to reign when the British Islands were making great changes in their own laws and forms of government. Liberal Governments were in office for ten years from 1906, and they introduced many alterations with which the House of Lords would not agree. Two General Elections took place in the year 1910, the chief subject discussed being the limiting of the power of the House of Lords so that it could not prevent changes in the country's laws which the House of Commons had passed and the electors desired.

It was in the midst of this turmoil that the new reign began, and the turmoil

was greater than can now be easily recalled. At this time also many women were engaged in a violent agitation to secure the same right to the vote as men, and acts of lawless violence, such as burning letters in pillar-boxes, disturbing meetings, and breaking windows, were common occurrences. Such questions as unemployment and health insurance aroused considerable discussion, and Home Rule for Ireland and Disestablishment for Wales were as firmly opposed as ever. It was an uneasy period for a king just succeeding to a position of high trust demanding impartiality and constitutional action.

Indeed, the Parliament Act of 1911 involved a distinct change in the constitution, by reaffirming the powers of the House of Commons, curtailing the power of the House of Lords, and making impossible a habit of obstruction of legislation on party lines. Throughout all this period King George acted with a wise discretion and helped to avert crises that might have been much more serious under a less wise monarch.

The Shadow of the War

So involved were the politics of our British Islands about this time that the Continental countries, never understanding the give-and-take spirit which always in the end settles British domestic contentions, felt that Great Britain was so occupied by her internal political troubles that she might be ruled out from European concerns. Germany especially made this mistake, and so it was that she began the Great War for which her military men, who held the real power, had so long been preparing. They laboured under the delusion that Britain was paralysed by her own difficulties, and could be counted out as a neutral State. But it only needed the menace of aggressive war, shattering the whole world's peace, to bring the British people to drop all their bickerings, make peace among themselves, and face the supreme calamity of almost universal war with a unity that astonished the world.

Throughout the whole of this period of approach toward the war the king had acted with the greatest care as an entirely constitutional monarch. During the testing time of strife abroad all parties sank their differences, and the internal questions were settled largely by agreement. Home Rule for Ireland reached a solution that left the Empire undivided, through the acceptance of the king as the link between Southern Ireland and the rest of the British Isles and the British Dominions. Welsh Disestablishment was passed. The vote was given to a majority of women, and later to all, and the political battles were transferred to other grounds.

The War and After

During the war the King kept in closest touch with the Army and Navy, paying visits to the Front, and he changed the name of his house to Windsor, so renouncing the family name he inherited from our German kings. In all the trying years since the war King George was in deepest sympathy and most intimate touch with every great effort to restore prosperity at home and order abroad. He never failed to take his part, and the great strain of life led to his grave illness in 1928. On his recovery he began the Christmas Broadcasts which have been so moving a feature of our Christmas life ever since. He laid the foundation-stone of London University and took part in many other public ceremonies in the capital and the provinces, and everywhere there was a great outpouring of affection when he and the Queen appeared.

But nowhere and at no time did King George, or any other King, see such a sight as at his Silver Jubilee. It was the golden triumph of a Man as well as the proud pageant of a King. It marked the height of pride in a nation at peace with the world, and the depth of feeling in the hearts of a multitude which no man can number.

A VERY GREAT THING DONE IN SIBERIA

Doubling the Big Railway. Track

OPENING UP THE NATURAL WEALTH OF THE HEART OF ASIA

A very great thing has been done of which the world has heard very little. The great Siberian Railway has been completed, the last section of 1300 miles being now satisfactorily finished.

The Russian engineers have just completed a double track along the eastern section of the railway, and have made good the loss of the alternative route to Vladivostok across the territory seized by Japan and now called Manchukuo.

This final task has been an amazing one, the work having been carried on continuously during the past two years despite the appalling cold of winter in these regions, where the thermometer often falls to 70 below zero.

Women Workers

As in the case of the Baltic-White Sea Canal the workers have been for the most part convicts, both men and women, and the organisation of the undertaking, some 5000 miles from Moscow, must have taxed to the utmost the resources of the People's Commissaries of Home Affairs who have been responsible for the entire construction.

The stretch of railway which has now been brought up-to-date runs from Lake Baikal round the north of the old Chinese province of Manchuria to Khabarovsk, the military centre near the junction of the Rivers Amur and Ussuri and the capital of the maritime province of which Vladivostok is the port. Khabarovsk has now a population of about 100,000. This section of the railway is 1300 miles long.

Tons of explosives and electric drills have been used in driving the route through the rocky regions to the north of the Amur, while locomotive depots, repair shops, and warehouses have been constructed.

The Route Through Manchuria

The original railway, wholly in Siberia, was only completed in 1916 owing to the fact that the direct route through Manchuria, opened in 1904, linked Vladivostok with Europe. That direct route was 5672 miles long from Leningrad to Vladivostok and cost about £87,000,000, though through Siberia it was originally but a single track and ferries carried the trains across Lake Baikal in summer, while a track was laid across the ice in winter.

It was the influence the railway gave to Russian traders in Manchuria that led to the Russo-Japanese War at the beginning of this century; but we must remember that it is not only for strategic reasons that the Siberian Railway has been perfected in recent years and that branches have been thrust out from its sides. There are rich coalfields at Chermkhov and Minusinsk. Siberia's copper resources are estimated at over 100 million tons, while there are vast deposits of iron, gold, silver, and lead which have as yet hardly been touched.

Planning For the Future

Can we wonder that Russia is not only perfecting her main line from the west to the far east, but is also planning a bigger railway still, which will link up with the railway from the Black Sea to the Caspian and on through Turkestan to join the Siberian Railway west of Tomsk. From this line, too, branches are projected into the old Chinese provinces of Sinkiang and possibly Outer Mongolia.

The enormous resources of the heart of Asia are being at last developed, and wealth transcending that of North America on the other side of the globe will soon swing back the pendulum from the New World to the Old. See World Map

A SCHOOL'S MUSEUM Made By the Children

From a Bulgaria Correspondent

The Graff Ignatiev School of Sofia has a remarkable Historical Museum made by the children themselves.

It began four years ago when the history teacher, Miss Staikova, was finding it very difficult to make young Bulgarians understand how people lived and thought and felt in far-off times.

So one day, instead of a history lesson on Egypt, she surprised the children by having a modelling lesson: they would make pyramids out of clay. At the end of the time the children were clamouring for more things to model.

Next they tried sphinxes. They were very good. The children decided they would make a mould of the best sphinx and make casts to set in a panorama, a miniature Avenue of Sphinxes under an Egyptian sky, "for those who come after us—so history will be more interesting," they explained. A distinguished sculptor, Ivan Lazaroff, came to the school to show them how to make casts.

Bulgarian History

That was four years ago. The school's Historical Museum thus begun now contains panoramas of life in the Stone and Bronze and Feudal Ages in Egypt, Babylon and Assyria, Phoenicia and Greece, and vital scenes from Bulgarian history. Above each panorama is a map of the country concerned and a card with a description of the period the scene represents.

This year the pupils have begun a new series of panels on the life and industries of Bulgaria today.

The nice thing about the museum, writes our correspondent, is that the children have the right to go to it whenever they wish. When I was there a constant stream of small boys and girls brought the results of their labours and asked for more work.

SCHOOL BROADCASTS

Of outstanding interest this week is the dramatic interlude Sea Dogs of Devon, which deals with those intrepid adventurers Humphrey Gilbert, Drake, and Walter Raleigh. Incidents from their lives will be broadcast, with the accompaniment of characteristic sounds and effects and the singing of Devon songs.

Friday's Travel Talk on Valencia deals with that part of Spain most closely resembling North Africa. The Huertas which surround the city of Valencia consist of rice and maize fields, date groves, and great areas of orange, lemon, almond, mulberry, and fig.

The talk on Chinese civilisation should also be of great interest. Even today China lives largely by the principles laid down 2500 years ago by one man, Confucius.

England and Wales—National

MONDAY, 2.5 Seed Sowing: by F. W. Costin. 2.30 Junior Concert Lesson—(a) Dance Tunes of Purcell; (b) The Harpsichord. TUESDAY, 11.30 Tariffs: by K. C. Boswell. 2.5 Feeding Birds: by C. C. Gaddum. 2.30 The Movement of Poetry: by William Stone. WEDNESDAY, 2.5 Evening in the Castle: by Rhoda Power. 2.30 What We Eat: by R. C. Garry.

THURSDAY, 11.30 China—The Dry North-West: by G. B. Barbour. 2.5 Sea Dogs of Devon: a dramatic interlude. 2.30 The American Revolution.

FRIDAY, 2.5 The Huertas of Valencia: by Ernest Young. 2.30 Music—Rondo Form, and The Flute. 3.35 Civilisations: (1) China.

Scotland—Regional

MONDAY, 2.5 The Empire Overseas—Green Island: by Rebekah McLeod.

TUESDAY, 2.5 English Literature—Early Types of Drama: by William M'Callum Clyde.

WEDNESDAY, 2.5 Makers of Scotland—Montrose and Argyll: by J. D. Mackie. 2.30 As National.

THURSDAY, 2.5 Corn rigs and barley rigs: by W. G. Ogg. 2.30 As National.

FRIDAY, 3.10 The Hyacinth: by R. J. D. Graham. 3.35 As National.

SOUND IDEAS ABOUT SOUND BODIES

School Organisers Needed

The Board of Education has framed a circular to help local authorities in their plans for physical education. We give a summary of its summaries.

1. The appointment in every area of competent full-time or part-time men and women organisers to advise teachers on physical education in all types of schools.

2. A larger output of teachers competent to give gymnastic training in senior, secondary, and technical schools; also an increase in short courses for teachers in all schools, and for leaders in voluntary organisations.

3. Thorough organisation to enable young people no longer attending school to receive continued physical education.

The competent organiser is the key-stone of all such plans. At present only 124 of the 316 local education authorities in England and Wales have yet appointed organisers.



The boy Mozart
with his father
and sister

WHAT HAPPENED ON YOUR BIRTHDAY If It is Next Week

Jan. 26. General Gordon killed at Khartoum 1885
27. Mozart born at Salzburg . . . 1756
28. Paris surrendered to the Germans . . . 1871
29. The Victoria Cross founded . . . 1856
30. Charles the First beheaded at Whitehall 1649
31. Guy Fawkes executed at Westminster. 1606
Feb. 1. George Cruikshank died in London 1878

A Great Composer

Wolfgang Mozart, one of the greatest of the world's composers of music, was the son of an Austrian musician, Leopold Mozart, who trained the boy and his sister Marianne from their earliest youth. The boy performed in public when he was six years old, and by the time he was eight had arrived in England, after touring the Continent.

He learned to compose while he learned to play. His instruments were the piano, violin, and organ, and he could play anything at sight, however difficult. His compositions were accepted as fine music while he was quite a child.

At the age of 14 he heard at Easter the music in the Sistine Chapel in Rome

which no one was allowed to copy.

It was for two choirs of nine voices. After listening to it once Mozart went away and wrote out all the parts perfectly from memory.

Mozart's powers as a maker of music strengthened throughout his life, and he excelled alike in sacred music, opera, songs, symphonies, and orchestration. Yet all his life he was poor—partly because he could not manage money. So he was never in a position of ease and independence, and when he died in Vienna, December 5, 1791, during an epidemic of typhus he was buried in a pauper's graveyard that could not afterwards be found.

25 YEARS AGO

From the CN of January 1911

The Street Telephone. It should soon be possible to summon a cab in London without fetching it. It is possible already to telephone to cab-ranks where there are shelters for the cabmen, but such ranks are few; most of them have no such shelters. A new experiment is now being tried. A telephone-box, looking like a fire-alarm, is being fixed at a cab-rank where there is no shelter, so that anyone having a telephone can call up a cab at a moment's notice. If the scheme proves useful it will be generally adopted for London cab-ranks. It will be the beginning of the street telephone.

NEWS FROM PAPUA

When Mr and Mrs Rich left their Papuan home for a long holiday they were richer by a Native gift.

It was £25, collected by the Suan people among whom they had worked, and they gave it to the missionary couple "because they had stayed many years at Isuleilei, and helped the people very much."

Men and women and children and native preachers came from far and wide to see them leave. It was a splendid send-off, and a touching example of the generosity and gratitude of Papuans who a few years ago lived on the borders of the Stone Age.

CN QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards, and sent to CN Question Box, John Carpenter House, Whitefriars, London, E.C.4, one question on each card, with name and address.

Are All Protestants in Northern Ireland Members of the Orange Society?

No; but all Orangemen are avowed Protestants.

Where Did John Wesley Preach His First Sermon?

In the church of South Leigh in Oxfordshire on October 16, 1725.

When Were Stained-Glass Windows First Put in Churches?

The first recorded instance was in the 6th century, when St. Gregory placed stained-glass windows in the church of St. Martin of Tours.

What and Where is the Statute Book?

The Statute Book is a term embodying the laws of the land. When a Parliamentary Bill becomes an Act (or statute) it is said to have been placed on the Statute Book. The older statutes are in the Record Office; later enactments are obtainable from the Stationery Office.

What is the Meaning of the Adelphi?

The name is derived from the Greek word adelphoi, meaning brothers. As a place-name in this country it was first applied to the London area near Charing Cross built by the brothers Adam.

JOHN RUSKIN'S LITTLE LANE

Famous People on the Pilgrim's Way

How many people who pass by motor-bus through West Dulwich to the Crystal Palace know that they are on one of the most famous roads in England.

They will hear more about it soon, for a curious and distressing thing has happened to All Saints Church, which is in danger of losing its church hall in Croxted Road owing to its inability to complete the £4000 which, when they bought the freehold, they promised to finish by the end of 1935.

Croxted Road was an important link in the Pilgrim's Way. Along it nearly six centuries ago walked and rode the Knight, the Yeoman, the Prior, the Nun, the Monk, the Friar, the Merchant, the Clerk, the red-bearded Miller, the Wife of Bath, and the rest of those who with Chaucer made up the company of his immortal Canterbury Pilgrims. It was Crokestrete in their day, leading up to Sydenham heights, from which the pilgrims looked back on old St Paul's, and on a Westminster Abbey of which the lovely Henry the Seventh Chapel was yet a century unborn.

Shakespeare and Alleyne

Shakespeare must have walked the road if, as is believed, he accompanied Edward Alleyne to Dulwich when his fellow actor was buying the estate. We are more sure of its literary associations of a later day. To John Ruskin, who lived near, and gained his first knowledge of the Old Masters at the little picture gallery now named after him, Croxted Road was the most beautiful lane in England. In it, he wrote, he and his mother used to gather the first buds of the hawthorn, and there, he adds, "in after years I used to walk in the summer shadows to think over any passages I wanted to make better than usual."

Chaucer would not have recognised the road John Ruskin knew; Ruskin would not recognise the built-up suburban highway for motor traffic into which his dream lane has developed. But there is the history for those who seek it.

THE ARMY THAT KNOWS NO FRONTIERS

Everybody's Helping Hand

The Year Book of the Salvation Army is more international than ever, so steadfastly does this organisation penetrate into the darkest regions of the world.

Last year it was working in 88 countries, served by 26,000 teachers and preachers. Last year their workers tended the victims of the malaria epidemic in Ceylon, relieved sufferers from the Quetta earthquake, and rescued stranded families from Chinese floods. In India alone 200,000 people are treated each year in its hospitals, while at the Ting Hsien sanatorium the sick of 800 Chinese villages are nursed.

Army workers find their way into the haunts of the blackest heathendom, and soon the native war drums are beating out accompaniments to Salvationist songs, while in the glow of the night fires round which the meetings are conducted the natives bow their heads to the dust and pray for light in their darkness.

How are we to explain the magnitude of the spiritual and social work which the Army is doing in the uncivilised parts of the world? Surely it is that the motive in all that it does is love, and not praise or reward. To the Salvationist every man is a brother. His appeal is to what men possess in common with one another, and he is surely the finest international peacemaker at work in the world today.

TOP HAT NEWS

From Both Sides of the World

On both sides of the world the Top Hat is in the news.

The democratic Prime Minister of New Zealand has announced that members of the Dominion's first Labour Cabinet will not wear the top hat, but the bowler and felt hats typical of business men who wear lounge suits.

The Prime Minister, Mr Savage, is a man of the simplest tastes, one of the most esteemed politicians in the Dominion, and the decision concerning the top hat was made when the members of his Cabinet went to Government House to meet the Governor-General to be sworn in. It is the first time the top hat has been dispensed with on such an occasion.

In the House of Commons

Even here at home, with ancient traditions and conventions to maintain, the top hat remains as one of the first needs on State occasions, but has almost seen its last days in the ordinary life of Parliament.

At one time the frock-coat was the only possible wear, as noble, dignified, and statesmanlike, and was crowned with what is so irreverently termed a top. Today the frock-coat is rarely worn in the Commons, and the top hat is seen upon one head only, that of the much-liked and much-respected Sir Austen Chamberlain.

The top hat was more than a head-gear: it was a signal, a weapon, an instrument of courtesy. It had a ritual, thus:

If you sat down you put on your hat.

If you got up you took it off.

If a member, addressing the House, referred to you, you raised your hat in courteous acknowledgment.

If you were nervous in speaking and sat down on your hat members roared and cheered like schoolboys.

Or you could, like Mr Tim Healy, whip off your hat as if you were firing a pistol, as you pitched into the enemy!

It is perhaps a little sad to think that the top hat and its functions have gone, and that only the few lady members (and Sir Austen) now wear hats in Parliament.

ADELPHI ARCHES

Dark Cradle of Good Things

A long-threatened blow has fallen and the beautiful old houses in Adelphi Terrace are coming down.

Let us hope that something not unworthy of the past will arise in their stead. The dismal arches on which the old Adelphi stands were the cradle of splendid movements, still vigorous and beneficent today.

It was in those arches, open then alike to the tide of the river and the sad tides of homeless humanity, that Lord Shaftesbury met the poor little outcasts, living like pitiful young savages in the richest capital in the world, to whom he was to consecrate his life, and for whom he was to found the Ragged School Union, now the Shaftesbury Society. He used to capture his wild creatures in the arches, hungry and cold, and from the arches he transferred them to the homes he and his friends built for them.

Memories of Quintin Hogg

Those arches were a marvellous cradle of reform, drawing to their service, through him, all sorts of friends, from lord mayors to Whitechapel tinkers, and such men as General Gordon, Dr Barnardo, Tom Hughes, and Quintin Hogg.

The Polytechnic began in these arches. There one night Quintin Hogg, a rich man's son, took a couple of crossing-sweepers, and, with a candle in a bottle, sat down to teach them to read. A policeman flashed his light on the strange trio, whereupon the two vagrants put out the candle with a yell of terror and fled.

Young Hogg became a bootblack in order to familiarise himself with the life of the London poor, and again and again he slept in the arches with the starving lads he was to help to save.

The Adelphi arches preached a text which was heard afar, and formed part of the lesson from which sprang the National Society for the Protection of Children, Barnardo's Homes, Gordon's Boys Brigade, and many other agencies for the redemption and safeguarding of the helpless children of the streets. Truly out of evil came good, the horror of night-life in these underground haunts in the Adelphi being the spur which goaded these men to action.

ONE STAMP AND A BIG IDEA

A Tale From a Village

Just over two years ago, in Steeple Aston, Oxfordshire, a bedridden girl with spinal trouble thought out a big scheme.

All she had to start it with was a stamp.

She used it to write to the M.P. for Banbury, and it brought her the first donation for an Oxfordshire branch of the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals of the Poor.

She wrote numerous other appeals, and often they would have to wait for the money to send them, but they all went off in time. From her bed she organised collections of silver paper and farthings, and soon a group of children 800 strong was helping her.

But the most wonderful result of all this is that through her enthusiastic new interest she has become strong enough to walk, and is in charge of a veterinary station at Boars Hill. She has even saved a horse suffering from pneumonia.

Meanwhile her big idea has grown even bigger. Oxford and Headington are soon to have their own centres for healing the sick animals of people too poor to take them to a vet, and a well-equipped caravan will be on the road, its cost (£500) raised by Rose Drake, the village girl who cured herself by her enthusiasm for curing sick animals.

THE COLOUR CAMERA

What is Being Done With It

Recording natural phenomena in the natural colours is already being done on a large scale in new scientific investigations.

During the ascent by balloon into the stratosphere recently in the United States some important pictures were taken in natural colours of the sky at different altitudes. Colour films are being taken in two or three big explorations now going on in various parts of the world, and for the first time accurate records of the colouring of the vegetation will be brought back.

One of the most important uses to which colour photography is being put is in medical studies. This is not only for purposes of teaching, but for obtaining accurate records of the progress of various treatments. Although at present photographs taken in ordinary cameras are transparencies, and must be looked at by holding them up to the light or projecting them on to a screen, they can be copied with perfect fidelity, and any number of duplicates made. Several methods of printing them on paper are being worked out, and it will probably be only a few months before colour prints become quite common.

THE DOG THAT MISSED THE TRAIN

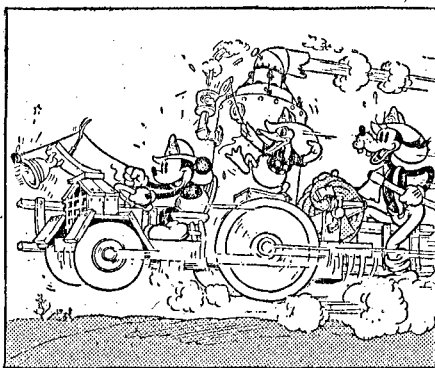
This story of a dog in Gippsland, Australia, is vouched for by the railway officials.

Two years ago the dog attached himself to the staff of one of the railway stations, and he frequently jumps aboard one of the trains and goes for a ride, always returning home.

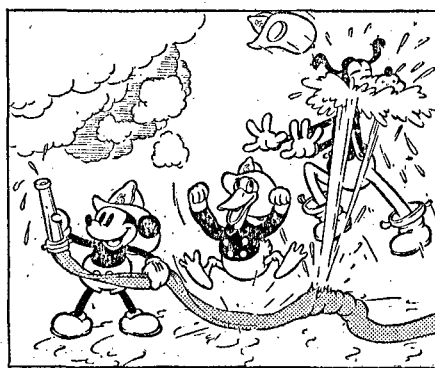
The other day he was too slow in making up his mind and missed the train for Stratford by several lengths. Away he dashed across country to Glengarry, five miles off, arriving just as the signal dropped and once again missing the train. Nothing daunted, he again set off across the country to Toongabbie, which is 13 miles by rail, and, missing the train again, persisted and ran on to Cowwarr, 20 miles away.

This time also he was too late, and, after sitting on the platform and pondering a while, he gave up the contest and curled up and slept until the train returned on the homeward journey.

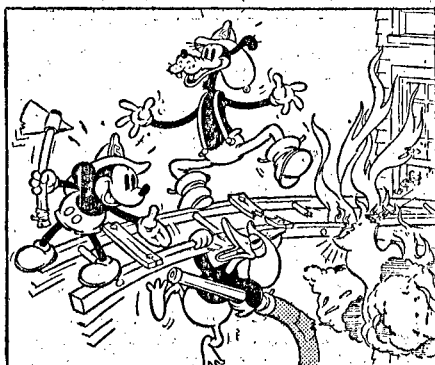
Mickey's Fire Brigade, by Walt Disney



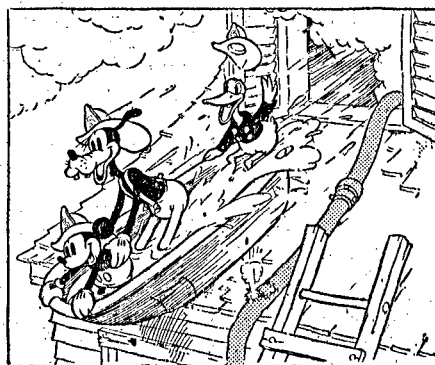
Mickey's Fire Brigade answers a call



A little trouble with the hose



The fire-escape catches fire



Tobogganing to safety in a bath tub

These pictures are from Walt Disney's new Mickey Mouse film in colour, which will soon be seen in cinemas throughout the country

A HINT TO THE MINT

Let It Look To Its Medals

The Royal Mint has a complaint to make about the Jubilee medals.

It produced some of its own, in gold and silver, but it left the field clear for anyone who wished to commemorate the great occasion in bronze.

Some of the bronze medals were not too bad, but Sir Robert Johnson, Deputy Controller of the Mint, can hardly speak calmly about some which the local education authorities presented to schoolchildren. Junk is the word he finds for them, and we agree. He wonders what Queen Elizabeth would have done to those who perpetrated them.

The answer is that in Queen Elizabeth's day the standard of medal-designing was a good deal higher than now.

Sir Robert rightly complains about the designs on these copper medallions, but should he not look at his own pennies? Never were such stodgy coins as ours.

Year after year the Mint drearily produces these dreary designs; it is as unimaginative as the Post Office with its stamps.

Why should not our Royal Mint, which makes the coinage for half the world, issue commemorative medals of its own, as France does? Have we no famous men, no great events and centenaries, whose occurrence might be commemorated by medals of beauty and imagination?

TREASURE IN THE CHIMNEY-STACK

More than coal is wasted when a factory chimney smokes.

The Government Research chemists at Teddington have found gallium in the flue.

Gallium is one of those rare metals, discovered sixty years ago, which chemists have accumulated only in the smallest quantities since. There are only a few ounces of it in this country at present.

Its scarcity is due partly to the difficulty of recovering it and partly because till recently no one had a use for it when found. But gallium is now being asked for in photo-electric cells, which are being put to new uses every day, in high temperature thermometers, and by our old ally the dentist.

Gallium is wanted. The chemists, seeking for an English source of supply, have found it in soot. At present a million pounds' worth of gallium is being scattered before the wind. The chemists mean to lay hands on some of it.

SCRAMBLING WORDS

When a word is turned into electricity by the microphone all kinds of funny things can be done to it which can be undone again before the telephone ear-piece reconverts the electric currents into speech.

Speech is being inverted in this way on some of the trans-Pacific telephone lines in order to prevent eavesdropping, and the language so made unintelligible is being called scrambled speech. It is reassembled in its proper sequence, of course, before being turned into the subscriber's line.

SPARE THAT HEDGEROW

We have before referred to the indiscriminate trimming of hedgerows and verges which is ruining both the beauty and the bird life of our lovely land.

Now the Council for the Preservation of Rural England has made a suggestion which should help to prevent wanton destruction.

Lord Justice Scott has suggested that it should often be possible to do verge-trimming after the middle of July and thus avoid destroying plants and birds which eat insects. The Council decided to urge this plan.

LITTLE ALBANIA AND ITS FUTURE

The Oldest of the Balkan Peoples

THE Balkan State of Albania has been in the news once again, and is sharing with one or two of her neighbours the disgrace of breaking faith with the League.

On behalf of this little State and its able ruler, King Zog, it may be argued that the more courageous course would have meant ingratitude for past and present favours, which include a grant of £1,000,000 now being spent in frantic prospecting for oil.

Refusal to trade with Italy would bring an end to that development and settled condition which have marked recent months, a prosperity encouraged by these loans from Italian sources.

Fertile Coastlands

The geographical position of Albania is not of the happiest. She is, in a sense, a buffer State between Yugoslavia to the north and Italy across the Adriatic. If her coasts fell into the possession of a Power hostile to Italy they could be fortified in such a way as to bottle up that important sea. Italy realises this fact well enough, and has seen that her large loans have been spent on roads into the interior rather than on developments on the coast which might make it of military value, even for a State with an area of 10,000 square miles and but a million people like Albania.

Descendants of Venetian traders still live in the Albanian seaports of Durazzo and Valona, and the fertile coastlands furnish produce to the inhabitants of the opposite coast. The Albanians, however, have an intense sense of race, and the history of the last 50 years has strengthened their patriotic ardour and knitted together many clans which appeared to delight in quarrelling among themselves, after the fashion of our old Highland clans not many generations ago.

The people are in the main highlanders, and when vendettas cease and the schools set up in recent years result in a more gracious civilisation the lovely mountains, hills, and valleys will attract visitors from all over the world.

Albania is divided into two parts by the valley of the River Shkumbi, through which a railway runs as far as Elbasan, and through which nearly 2000 years ago the engineers of Imperial Rome constructed their great highway to the East, having conquered the Epirotes, Illyrians, and Thracians who lived there.

A Surprising Fact

Perhaps the Albanians are the oldest race in the Balkans. They are certainly older than the Slavs and the Bulgars, and it is a surprising fact that the beautiful metalwork still made by local craftsmen resembles that discovered in the prehistoric graves on the Albanian hills. Perhaps the daughters of the Bronze Age chieftains here 4000 years ago decked their finery just as the maidens we meet here today adorn their dresses and hats with rare and beautiful objects in silver and copper.

Few countries yield more splendid effects to a fancy-dress display, for of all

the costumes worn in Europe surely those worn by both men and women in this mountain State are the most brilliant and attractive.

To the south of the Roman road the highlanders are called Tosks, and the menfolk wear pleated kilts like their Greek neighbours; many wear the fez because they are Mohammedans. The costume of the Northern Albanians, the Ghegs, is equally attractive, though the men wear baggy trousers, and the women, at any rate those of the Mohammedan faith, wear trousers even fuller, without any distraction from their charming appearance.

Two-thirds of the population are Mohammedans and the rest Christians. The Tosks belong to a national branch of the Greek Church, while the more numerous Ghegs are staunch Roman Catholics. They were converted to Christianity centuries before either the Serbs or the Bulgars under a bishop whose see was at Scutari (which, of course, is not the Scutari associated with the Crimean War).

The Skanderbeg Romance

They had a terrible task in resisting the oppression of both Serbs and Bulgars, and when the Turks swept over the Balkans they were forced to acknowledge their suzerainty, not, however, before a final struggle of 20 years under Skanderbeg, whose personal story is a romance still handed down from father to son, even in the little cots of straw in which many of the inhabitants dwell.

Taken in boyhood to Constantinople, as a hostage for his father, Skanderbeg won the favour of the Sultan Murad the Second, who entrusted to him a Turkish army and bade him go to fight the King of Hungary. Skanderbeg was defeated; but instead of returning in disgrace to Constantinople he went home, raised the flag of national resistance to the invader, and when he died bequeathed his country to the Venetian Republic.

Albania in the War

From his death until the middle of last century the Albanians were a people without a State, their petty chiefs warring against each other, the menfolk planning vendettas while the women did the work of the fields. Then, by the Treaty of Berlin, the European Powers tried to give a portion of Albania to Greece as part of the process of cutting the claws of the Turks.

This act hurt the latent race-pride of the Albanians, and when, in the Balkan wars, a similar fate confronted them they appealed to the Powers to recognise them as a nation. The result was that in 1912 a congress of chiefs at Valona proclaimed the independence of their country, with Ismail Kemal as first President, and this independence was recognised by the Powers.

In 1920 Albania joined the League, to her own great benefit as far as her security with her neighbours was concerned. It was a republic then, but in 1928 Zog, its President, was proclaimed King at Tirana, and with his ministers has established justice and set on foot a State system of compulsory education. See World Map

A Slave in Babylon

WE were reading the other day of the scrap of papyrus forming the first record of the trial of Jesus before Pilate. It has reminded a correspondent of another record, that of a trial which took place in Babylon five centuries before.

This record proves that even in those far-off days justice was done to freeman and slave alike.

This trial took place in the reign of Nabonidus, who usurped the throne at the death of Nebuchadnezzar and was overthrown with his son Belshazzar by Cyrus the Great, King of Persia. A slave, whose name of Barachiel suggests that he was descended from the Jews of the Captivity, seized the occasion of a transfer of ownership to declare that he was a freeman, born of a noble

Babylonian family and unlawfully kept in servitude. Barachiel was therefore brought into court, his judges including the high priest and nobles. Though his former owner did not appear, Barachiel was evidently so overawed by the court that he made full confession, saying:

Twice have I run away from the house of my master, but many people were present and I was seen. I was afraid and said that I was the son of a noble ancestor. My citizenship has no existence; I am a slave. Go now, pronounce sentence upon me.

The court sentenced Barachiel to be restored to his condition of slavery.

Strange that after thousands of years the record of this trial should be lying in one of our museums.

TELEPHONE TIME

Why Carry a Clock?

Punch has a picture of a woman taking a clock to the pictures, "as there is no clock there and she has to take little Polly home at half-past eight for her bath." In future she need not take the clock; she need only ask the Post Office to ring her up at the cinema!

Time, as good as Greenwich Time and correct to the tenth of a second, is to be dealt out by London telephones before next summer.

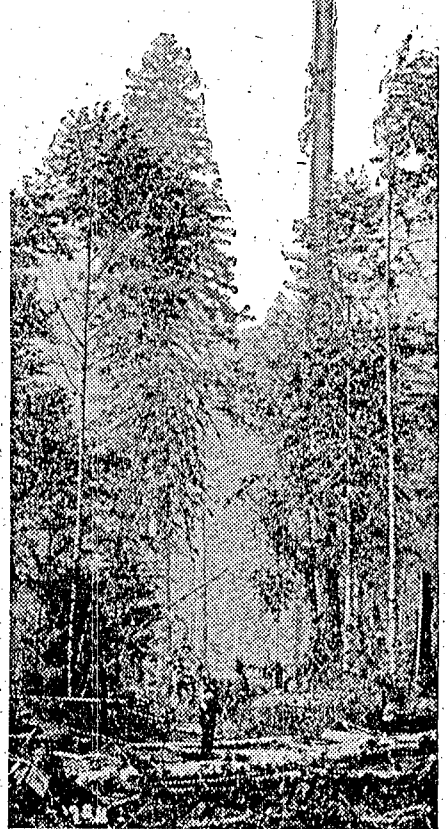
All the subscriber will have to do will be to dial T I M. The Post Office will answer through the Holborn Exchange, pocket the penny, and turn on its clock. This clock will tick out the seconds, and every ten seconds will tell the time by a voice which will go on unendingly night and day.

At present the Post Office receives many pennies from people who want to know the time and cannot depend on their clocks and watches. The appetite for the right time seems to grow with the many opportunities of getting it.

THE HIGH-RIGGER LOOKS DOWN

Few people would wish to earn a living as a steeplejack, yet the work of the high-rigger in the forests of Canada appears to be more risky still.

In British Columbia, where this picture was taken, some trees felled by the lumberjacks are 300 to 350 feet high, and to save unnecessary damage to other trees as a giant falls it is usual to lop off the branches beforehand. This is the high-rigger's work. He climbs up the tree, having climbing-irons attached to his boots, and lops off the branches as he goes. When he approaches the top of the tree the difficult operation of topping has to be performed. With his axe the high-rigger



hacks away at the tree trunk, making his cuts so that the tapering top of the tree will fall away from him. In this picture a high-rigger is seen seated triumphantly on the top of the tree trunk just after the tree had been topped.

MICHAEL NORTH

Serial Story by
Gunby Hadath

CHAPTER 7 The Newspaper

MICHAEL came out of that dark, narrow street more mystified than ever.

He had discharged the first part of his errand; he had seen Monsieur Kapt, whom for some obscure reason he had been bidden to inquire for under a false name; his message, with all its gibberish about the weather keeping fine and his own "distinguished sentiments," had been delivered verbatim, according to instructions; he had handed his skis to the chap; the chap had returned them—and what it was all about entirely beat him. He could make neither head nor tail of it; nobody could; he told himself as he trudged away, shouldering his skis, and wishing, as he'd been wishing over and over, that he had never had anything to do with that paper-chase.

He wondered who those strange men who had captured him were. He had heard them address their grey-headed leader as Don Luigi; but that didn't help. It was their knowledge of his secret which mattered so much.

Was he making their silence secure? He believed he was. They would play the game with him if only for their own sakes. Otherwise how easily he could retaliate by revealing how they had kidnapped him in the forest.

As he passed down the street with these thoughts Michael's head lifted happily, and the trouble passed away from his grave, steady eyes. For he was reminding himself that the choice he had made yesterday was a choice which only a poltroon would have refused, and the only choice any decent chap could have taken.

This raised his spirits. He felt tired, but he stepped out at a good pace, having promised to return by train to Le Fayet, where Don Luigi was to meet him to finish the matter.

His railway station was the Eaux-Vives, nearest the frontier, but, arriving there, he found he had just missed a train and would have a long wait for the next. So he wandered along the road till he sighted a café with a number of little round tables set on the pavements. All these tables were filled with customers taking their coffee, but after waiting a moment he saw a man and a woman rise from one at the very edge of the kerb, so he made a dart and secured it, then, propping his ski-sticks and skis against the back of his chair, sat down with a sigh of relief and ordered some lemonade.

His predecessor had left a morning paper behind, and, while the waiter went off with his order, he glanced at it idly. Then he saw that it was the *Petit Dauphinois*, the Haute Savoie daily, which pleased him because it was like coming suddenly across an old friend in this strange city.

The news from each winter resort was given under its own heading. Passy. Good! Here was all about yesterday's fête. Yes, it must have been fine; much better, he thought ruefully, than their old paper-chase. How he wished Ramiro had never thought of that stunt!

He wondered if there'd be any mention of it in the Megève news. He turned to Megève.

"We regret to report a highly mysterious robbery which occurred yesterday in one of our leading hotels. It appears that during the absence of the director a thief entered the hotel and ransacked the visitors' apartments. Although details of the losses are not yet available, it appears that one visitor lost a valuable heirloom. The outrage has caused a sensation at the Hôtel d'Aiguille."

"The Aiguille!" he gasped.

He read on excitedly.

"The police have been called in, and they would like, it is said, to interview two individuals who could possibly assist their investigations. One of these is an itinerant vendor of carpets, and the other a young lad of foreign extraction, of whom nothing is known except that he had been residing in the hotel for some little time. This lad has not been seen in Megève since early this morning, when he took a very prominent part in a paper-chase which he organised with five or six other youths. It was his part, we understand, to run as the fox, and he ran, as one may put it, so clean out of sight that nothing has been seen of him since. Developments are awaited with singular interest."

That was all. But it brought Michael's eyes almost out of their sockets and he felt as if his hair were standing on end. The horror of it! The police wished to interview him because he could possibly assist their investigations. He knew what it

meant, that cautious wording. They suspected him.

They suspected him and Beni-Hassan the Moor. The police suspected one or the other, or both perhaps.

The realisation appalled him. Phew! Here was a fix! How was he going to clear himself? Oh, easily enough, if he could account for his disappearance on his return. But his solemn promise to Don Luigi prevented that, and, although this bad luck might excuse his departure from his word, by doing so he would have broken his part of the bargain and would leave Don Luigi at liberty to break his.

His lemonade stood untasted. He pushed it away from him. He was boiling at the idea of being taken for a thief. The manager, the director as the paper called him, might surely have known that he wasn't that sort of chap. And Ramiro and those chaps might have stuck up for him. Perhaps some of them had; perhaps Bernard Weiss had and Leon Veyrier. But then, how had the paper expressed it? He looked back to see. "A young lad of foreign extraction of whom nothing is known." Yes, that was where the mischief had come in, of course. But how could he have helped it? He couldn't.

"Will your Excellencies buy a rug?"

Michael looked up with a great start. A tall figure in a flowing white robe and red turban was moving among the tables. It was Beni-Hassan.

CHAPTER 8 Michael Buys a Rug

BENI-HASSAN! Whatever was he doing here? With that open newspaper spread out under his elbow, Michael leaned well forward and watched the Moor keenly. "Won't your Excellencies buy a fine carpet or rug?"

He was in the middle of the many small tables, and Michael marked a waiter watching him, ready to dart forward and send him away if he pestered the customers. But most of them merely replied with a shake of the head, and others went on talking without so much as a glance. He passed gravely from table to table, displaying his wares.

JACKO IN A HOLE

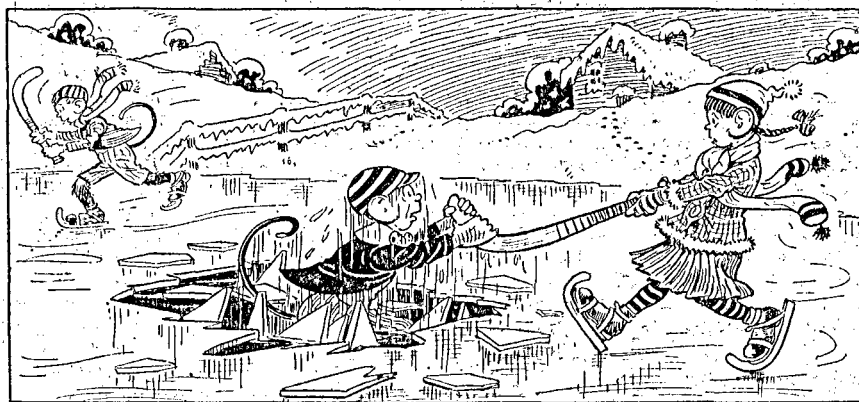
THE cold weather that had set in seemed to have come to stay. All Monkeyville got out their skates.

"I say," cried Jacko, "what about playing ice-hockey?"

The others thought it a fine idea, and in less than no time they had fetched their sticks and started.

They had a grand time.

Presently Jacko noticed that Chimp's



Jacko caught it and was hauled out to safety.

sister had come along and was watching them enviously.

"Hi! You'll freeze if you just hang about!" shouted Jacko. "Come on and join us."

"I can't," cried Miss Chimp. "I haven't a hockey-stick."

Jacko was too good-natured to see anybody left out. "Here you are, then," he cried, skating up to her. "You can have mine for five minutes."

It was the longest five minutes Jacko had ever known. Miss Chimp was having such a good time and was so busy scoring goals that she forgot all about the stick being a borrowed one.

He was gradually, Michael noticed, approaching the kerb.

The tables upon the kerb were seven or eight in a line, and Michael's stood at one end. The Moor had left the table at the other end and was coming down the line with a stop at each one. Then he stepped to one side while a stream of bicycles passed, and gave his rugs a fresh hitch on his forearm as he was waiting. "Your Excellency has need of a beautiful rug."

He was standing over Michael. His eyes had sought Michael's eyes earnestly. His sing-song chant continued, now rising, now sinking very nearly under his breath. "Buy! Buy! . . . *cafés have ears* . . . buy a beautiful rug . . . *start to bargain, m'sieur, start to bargain* . . . Your Excellency will never find a rug more useful!" His eyes remained fixed upon Michael with curious insistence.

Michael saw the hovering waiter taking a step forward, and answered in a loud voice, "How much are they, please?"

The Moor responded with a low, sweeping bow, and before his head had come up again he uttered, in a whisper, "That waiter is listening. Be careful, m'sieur." Then, erect once more, he removed a small black rug off his arm and handed it to Michael. "Regard now!" he chanted. "Remark the texture and gloss. Remark, m'sieur, how strongly the silk is sewn to the canvas."

The waiter was pushing his way to them past the tables. Michael slipped his hand into his pocket. "Yes, I'll take this one," he replied, and dropped some money into the Moor's open palm.

With a grave word of thanks and another bow the Moor went, and Michael's gaze followed his tall figure disappearing.

"So m'sieur has bought one?"

It was the waiter's voice at his ear.

"Rather! Would you say I'd made a bargain?" laughed Michael.

The waiter's glance went to the newspaper. "Ah," he remarked, "I see you've got the morning paper, m'sieur."

"Yes," uttered Michael, sipping his lemonade.

"That was a curious robbery, m'sieur, at Megève?"

"What robbery?" said Michael, steadying his voice.

The man began wiping the marble table-top with his napkin. "M'sieur

hasn't read of it! But, m'sieur, a most singular robbery! They say that an itinerant vendor of carpets—"

"How much do I owe you?" Michael put in.

"Let me see, now! M'sieur has had only this one lemonade?"

"Yes, that's all."

"*Bien!* Perhaps m'sieur has now finished with his newspaper?"

"Is it yours?" said Michael sharply.

"No, a customer left it."

"Then I'll keep it," snapped Michael.

"But surely, if m'sieur wishes. M'sieur has come perhaps from Savoy? Does m'sieur know Megève?"

"You haven't answered how much I owe you," said Michael, very conscious of the waiter's puzzled expression and growing more uncomfortable every instant.

"How much you owe me? Well, that might depend, *hein?*" A cunning smile was playing on the man's lips. "One bottle of lemonade, m'sieur—60 centimes. And one newspaper with the news of a young English gentleman and a Moor who travels selling beautiful rugs? Does one say ten francs for the newspaper? One must be fair."

Michael counted out 60 centimes. "There you are!" he said fiercely. "And that's all you'll get."

"Oh, is it!" The fellow stood biting his lip, indecisive. "I suppose m'sieur—"

"Would tell you that you're barking up the wrong tree? Well, you are," said Michael. "What about it?"

His suspense while the waiter stood hesitating was terrible.

"*Garçon! Garçon!*"

What a mercy! Someone was calling the man. "Coming, coming!" he answered, and, picking up the centimes, he dropped them into his apron pocket and went at the trot. "Lucky for me that he wasn't quite certain!" thought Michael. "He daren't risk a mistake for the sake of his job. Jolly lucky!"

And, convinced that he had done with that blackmailing rogue, he sat on wondering, but now at himself. To what impulse had he yielded in buying this rug, for which he hadn't any use whatsoever? Whatever had made him do it?

Yes, but how much had he given Beni-Hassan for the rug? About a couple of francs, all told, in small coins. For he hadn't had any more in that pocket. And the Moor had taken that trifle without any argument. In other words, Beni-Hassan had made him a present of the rug! And that was funny as well, very funny!

For why should Beni-Hassan come giving him rugs?

He glanced at his watch. It was time to get back to the station. He rolled up the rug and tucked it under his arm. Then he jumped to his feet, and turned round to recover his skis.

His skis had gone! So had his ski-sticks!

He had certainly propped them against the back of his chair. And just as certainly they were no longer there.

They must have fallen down. He looked at first under his own table, then under the next ones and along the length of the kerb. He asked one or two people near. No, no one had seen them. They had vanished. But how could things like that vanish?

He was rattled. But he restrained himself. He thought hard and quickly. And then the explanation came in a breath. While holding his attention with all that sham patter, Beni-Hassan, the artful old scoundrel, had trickily stolen them!

But this theory wouldn't hold water. It would have been impossible for the Moor or anyone else calmly to have walked away with them without being spotted. Moreover, hadn't he himself watched Beni-Hassan as he went off, and Beni-Hassan had no skis with him then, that was certain. Concealed by that flowing robe of his? Skis and the ski-sticks! Great long things like that—impossible!

No, it couldn't have been Beni-Hassan.

If they had been taken by one of the people passing to and fro on the pavement he would never see them again.

Then at last he gave way to agitation, for whatever was he to do? What could he do! Here he was with a silly rug he didn't want and without the skis which he wanted most desperately. For without them his promise to Don Luigi was broken.

Just for an instant now there flashed back into his mind the question which had baffled him from the beginning. For what reason had he to take those skis back to Don Luigi? What was their secret?

There he stood in a fever, till the people at the tables began staring at him, and nudging each other with amusement.

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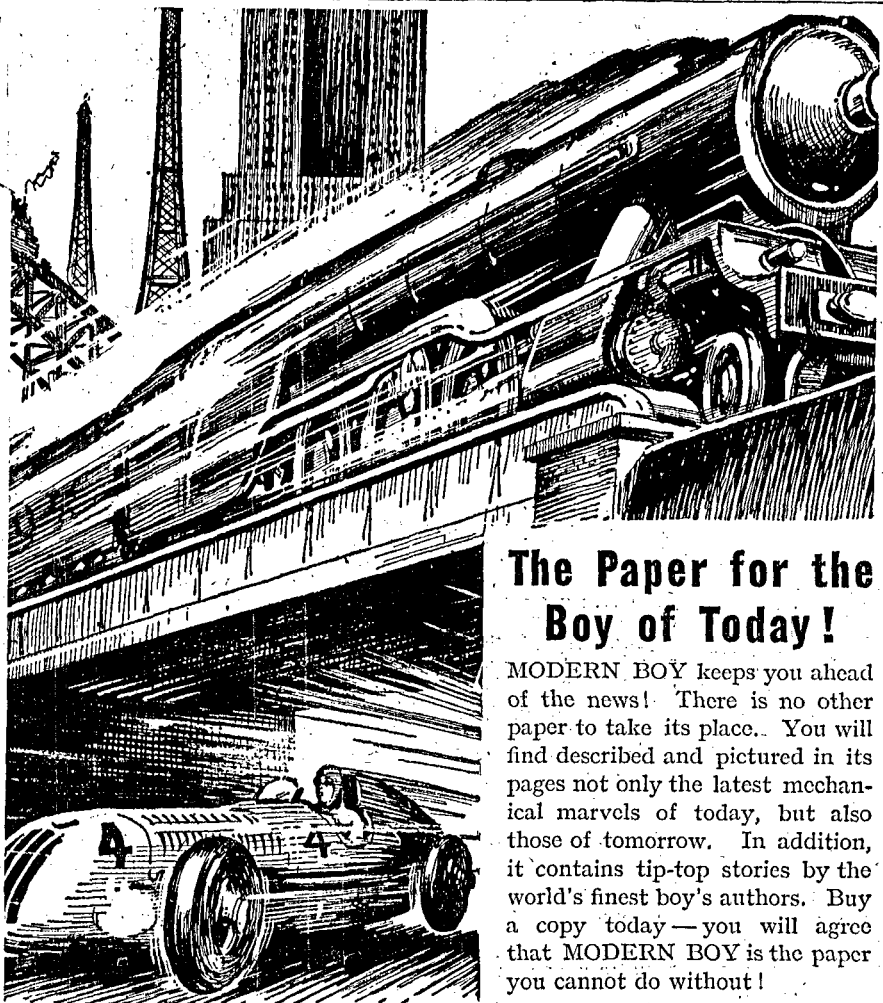
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